

The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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MISCELLANY.

THE ARCH OF TITUS.

Lives there no trophy of the hero's fame,
No proud memorial to record his name,
Whose vengeful sword o'er Israel's fated land
Stamp'd iron bondage with a conqueror's hand?
Beneath yon sacred hill's imperial mound,*
With ruin'd shrines and fallen columns crown'd,
Where Rome's dread genius guards each mouldering stone,

The cradle of her empire, and her throne;
Titus, thy Arch proclaims the peaceful way
Of taste, ennobling triumph's proudest day;
Survives, the Forum's grandeur to recall,
And weep deserted o'er its country's fall.
Though dimm'd the outline now, not time o'erthrows
Th' unrival'd grace which in each fragment glows;
And genius beaming through each ruin'd part,
Displays the glories of immortal art;
With mingled beauties crown'd the columns tower,
Iona's graceful curve, and Corinth's flower,
And tapering as they rise aloft in air,
The sculptur'd frieze and votive tablet bear.
From o'er each column Fame's exulting springs,
Seems stretch'd for flight, and waves her golden wings:

Yet linger not! within the circling space,
The storied walls more radiant beauties grace,
In warlike pomp the triumph's rich array
Leaps from the living marble into day,—
High on his car the victor borne along,
Hears with exulting heart th' applauding throng;
With sparkling eye surveys the sacred spoil,
And feels one hour o'erpay long years of toil.
Lo! Judah's awarthy sons before the car,
The withered remnant of disease and war!
Rebellious passions light their faded cheek,
And all the bitter pangs they dare not speak.
And shall these trophies from his temple torn,
The living God, whose idol shrine adorn?
Shall we, shall Aaron's sons no more rejoice,
No breathe yon trump with conquest's silver voice,
From Salem's holy mountain heard afar,
In days of festal gladness and of war?
Is then the seven branch lustre sunk in night,
Which shed o'er Israel's fate mysterious light?
Or shall its golden lamps with heathen flame
Gleam as in scorn to point at Sion's shame?
Yes, it is quench'd! till Judah's captive maid,
Wake from her woes beneath the palm-tree shade,
Recall her wandering sons, abjure her pride,
And bless the anointed king she crucified!
Th' unfaded crown of David's glory claim,
Yon Arch o'erthrown, and Rome itself a name!

J. T. Hope's Oxford Prize Poem.

* The arch is situated at the foot of the Palatine hill.
† The building is of the Composite order, and one of the most ancient and beautiful specimens.
‡ The two-winged figures, apparently representing Fame.
§ The triumphal procession of Titus is sculptured on the walls in the interior.
¶ Among the sacred ornaments, are still to be seen, the golden chandelick, the silver trumpets, &c. [See Numbers, x., 5, 9, 10.]

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

ADVANTAGES OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES.—Bayle often grieves over the scarcity, or the want of books, by which he was obliged to leave many things uncertain, or to take them at second hand.—It was this circumstance which induced Bayle to declare, that some books cannot be written in the country, and that the metropolis only can supply the wants of the literary man. Plutarch has made a similar confession; and the elder Pliny who had not so many volumes to turn over as a modern, was sensible to the want of books, for he acknowledged that there was no book so bad

by which we might not profit.—Curious Lit. Second Series.

THE PROFESSION.

Siren-tongued, and fairy-footed,
Heart of bliss to beauty suited,
The first in love that smiled upon me,
(Ah, early smiles, that early won me,
Nor season change, nor distance sever,
A fairer form may bend before thee,
More polished lips than mine adore thee;
But ne'er can heart more truly love thee,
Sight more admire, or sense approve thee.
O, bid that heart not love in vain;
'T would break that heart to brake its chain,
S. F. G.

SPANISH POLITENESS.—I have often observed, however exalted their rank, that the Spaniards are exceedingly kind and affable to their inferiors. And, indeed, the lower classes have much natural politeness; nor is there anything in their language or manner which disgusts or offends. They have no vulgarity in their freedom, nor servility in their respect. I have often sat round the fire of a Posada, amid Spaniard's of all classes, whom chance had assembled together, and have been quite charmed to mark the general good humor, and the easy, unembarrassed propriety of behaviour of the common peasants.—Recollections of the Peninsula.

GERMAN MINSTRELSY.—The itinerant musicians in Germany are a set of poor but merry companions, with as little discord in their social intercourse as disturbs the harmony of their instruments; happy in spite of threadbare coats, and sun-burnt, weather-beaten faces, but with a gentility of mind (owing to their acquaintance with music) much superior to other people of their caste. A friend invited me to an evening concert, in which were performed the overtures and various pieces from Don Juan and the Clemenza di Tito of Mozart, admirably arranged as sestettes, and I suspect that the wrath of Dominico Scarlatti against wind instruments might be appeased, were he to hear how skillfully they are tempered. One of the performers gratified me with a piece of sentiment which I did not expect from a person of his appearance; after playing a tender air from an opera of Mozart, he said, "I think the composer means that the lady feels pain here," placing his hand on his heart.—Rambles among the Musicians of Germany.

PRETTY EYES.

Pretty eyes,
Giving smiles, and causing sighs;
Why do men adore thy light?
Fancy thee to stars of night?
Homage pay as if a spell
Could beneath thy lashes dwell?

Pretty eyes,
Whether blue as summer skies;
Black as jet—as polished too;
Brown as autumn's brightest hue:
Is it color, form or size,
Gives the witchery, pretty eyes?

Feathers from My Own Wings.

COMMON PLACE BOOKS.—I approve highly of common place books—books in which are noted if not copied such passages of literature as have struck us as particularly excellent and worthy of remembrance. To say nothing of the usefulness of such books as a convenient reference the practice has this advantage—it improves the taste. Beauties in literature, like flowers in a garden, strike the eye indeed as we pass through them but the memory of them soon fades, and with it our impressions of their peculiarities. The botanist who carefully gathers the choice specimens of the field and parterre, has opportunity to study their form and nature, and thence derives a pleasing exercise; so he who culls the flowers of literature may study them at his leisure, and obtain a more correct knowledge of their beauties.

PORTUGUESE FEMALES.—The passer through the streets of Portugal sees very little of the ladies. They look at him with scrutinizing eyes, from their balconies; but he may readily fall into the mistake of phylandering after an old woman instead of a young one. Their dress resembles dominoes, and their faces are not

discriminable. But during passion week, the jewels of the land are submitted to view. Then are to be seen flocks of fascination going in procession to church; then, and then only, are the beauties of Portugal to be contemplated without danger or constraint—but to be contemplated only.—Sketches of Society &c. in Portugal.

SYRIA.—From the great extent of the country, and the consequent variation of climate, the Syrian can always command a succession, as well as a variety of luxuries. The season of the pomegranate will commence in Antioch, when it ends in Jaffa, and when you have exhausted the figs of Beirut, you can fly to the gardens of Damascus. Under the worst government that perhaps ever oppressed its subjects, Syria still brings forth the choice productions of almost every clime; corn and cotton, maize and rice, the sugar cane of the Antilles, and the indigo and cochineal of Mexico. The plains of Antioch and of Palestine are covered with woods of the finest olives, the tobacco of the coast are unrivalled in any country, and the mountains of Lebanon are clothed with white mulberry-trees, that afford the richest silks, or with vineyards that yield a wine that justly bears the name of Golden.—Contarini Fleming.

THE MAIDEN'S EPITAPH.

Here a solemn fast we keep,
While all beauty lies asleep;
Hush! be all things; no noise here,
But the tuning of a tear;
Or a sigh of such as bring
Cowlslips for her covering.

Robert Herrick.

JEREMY BENTHAM.—He was a great economist of time. He knew the value of minutes. The disposal of his hours, both of labour and of repose, was a matter of systematic arrangement; and the arrangement was determined on the principle, that it is a calamity to lose the smallest portion of time. He did not deem it sufficient to provide against the loss of a day or an hour: he took effectual means to prevent the occurrence of any such calamity to him; but he did more—he was careful to provide against the loss even of a single minute; and there is on record no example of a human being who lived more habitually under the practical consciousness that his days are numbered, and that the 'night cometh in which no man can work.'—Athenaeum.

WITHERED VIOLETS.

Long years have passed, pale flowers! since you
Were culled and given, in brightest bloom,
By one whose eye eclipsed your blue—
Whose breath was like your own perfume.

Long years! but, though your bloom be gone,
The fragrance which your freshness shed
Survives, as memory lingers on,
When all that blessed its birth has fled.

Thus hues and hopes will pass away—
Thus youth, and bloom, and bliss depart;
Oh, what is left when these decay?
The faded leaf,—the withered heart!

Rouge et Noir, &c. 1821.

CHIVALRY.

Much of this strange mixture of ferocious cruelty with refined gallantry is undoubtedly to be attributed to the intercourse of the Christians with the Moors and the Arabs; in the wars of Spain and the Crusades were learnt those refinements with which an eastern imagination had adorned the exercise of brute force and animal courage. But, be its origin what it might, the spirit of chivalry produced a system of manners totally distinct from the government, and forming, as it were, a separate code, which the laws of the state had not created, and could not suppress. The member of an ancient state could hear himself grossly abused by his fellow-citizen, without any obligation to retaliate, otherwise than by words; the noble or knight of Germany or France was compelled either to draw his sword against his accuser, or to lose his character in society. No form of law, no species of tribunal, could dispense with the necessity of revenge; and from the Bay of Naples to the mountains of Inverness, he who had been wronged by word or deed thought himself bound to seek satisfaction in the blood of his adversary.

In Italy and in Scotland, the death of the aggressor procured by any means was considered a lawful atonement; and so far was this principle extended, that not many years have elapsed since a judge was slain at Edinburgh by the party against whom he had pronounced a legal decision. In other parts of Europe, the practice of single combat was usual, honorable,—nay, almost indispensable; and there can be no better proof of the supremacy of opinion over law, than the fact that Louis XIV. who affixed the most severe penalties to the offence of fighting a duel, would allow no man in his own regiment to refuse a challenge.—Memoirs of Affairs in Europe.

FIELDING AND SMOLLETT COMPARED.

Fielding and Smollett were both born in the highest rank of society, both educated to learned professions, yet both obliged to follow miscellaneous literature as the means of subsistence. Both were confined, during their lives, by the narrowness of their circumstances,—both united humorous criticism with generosity and good nature,—both died of the diseases incident to a sedentary life, and to literary labour, and both drew their last breath in a foreign land, to which they retreated under the adverse circumstances of a decayed constitution, and an exhausted fortune.

Their studies were no less similar than their lives. They both wrote for the stage, and neither of them successfully. They both meddled in politics; they both wrote travels, in which they showed that their good humour was wasted under the sufferings of their disease; and, to conclude, they were both so eminently successful as novelists, that no other English author of that class has a right to be mentioned in the same breath with Fielding and Smollett.

If we compare the works of these two great masters yet more closely, we may assign to Fielding, with little hesitation, the praise of a higher and a purer taste than was shewn by his rival; more elegance of composition and expression; a nearer approach to the grave irony of Swift and Cervantes; a great deal more address or felicity in the conduct of his story; and, finally, a power of describing amiable and virtuous characters, and of placing before us heroes, and especially heroines, of a much higher as well as pleasing character, than Smollett was able to present.

Every successful novelist must be more or less a poet, even although he may never have written a line of verse. The quality of imagination is absolutely indispensable to him: his accurate power of examining and embodying human character and human passion, as well as the eternal face of nature, is not less essential; and the talent of describing well what he feels with acuteness, added to the above requisites, goes far to complete the poetic character. Smollett was, even in the ordinary sense, which limits the name to those who write verses, a poet of distinction.

He was like a pre-eminent poet of our day, a searcher of dark bosoms, and loved to paint characters under the strong agitation of fierce and stormy passions. Hence, misanthropes, gamblers, and duellists, are as common in his works, as robbers in those of Salvator Rosa, and are drawn in most cases, with the same terrible truth and effect.

Upon the whole, the genius of Smollett may be said to resemble that of Rubens. His pictures are often deficient in grace, sometimes coarse, and even vulgar in conception; deficient too in keeping, and in the due subordination of parts to each other; and intimating too much carelessness on the part of the artist. But these faults are redeemed by such richness and brilliancy of colours; such a profusion of imagination—now bodying forth the grand and terrible—now the natural, the easy, and the ludicrous; there is so much of life, action, and bustle, in every group he has painted; so much force and individuality of character, that we readily grant to Smollett an equal rank with his great rival Fielding, while we place both far above any of their successors in the same line of fictitious composition.

Sir W. Scott's Preface to Novels' Library.

NATURAL HISTORY.—Luxury among the Birds.—The notion of the Indian loxia lighting up its nest with a glow-worm, has usually been considered a popular fable; but the conductors of the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge" state, that an informant to theirs, a gentleman long resident in India, tried various experiments on the subject, and always found when he took away the glow-worm out of a nest, that it was replaced by the birds with another, which was not used for food, but was stuck on the side of the nest with clay for a lamp.

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by:
It speaks a tale of other years—
Of hopes that blossomed to decay,
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth moan;
It stirs some chord of memory
In each dull heavy tone:
The voices of the much-loved dead
Seem flitting thereupon—
All, all my fond heart cherished
Ere death had made it done.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth swell,
With its quaint plaintive melody,
Hopes' passionate farewell,
To the dreamy joys of early years,
Ere yet grief's cauter fell.
O, the heart's bloom—ay, well may tears
Start at that parting knell! Motherwell.

MEMOIRS OF DR. GOOD.

Dr. Olinthus Gregory has recently given to the world a work entitled "Memoirs of the Life, Writings and Character of the late John Mason Good, M.D.," and we present to our readers an abridgement of one of the notices of the publication, which has just reached us.

Dr. Mason Good was one of those men whose course of action it is always agreeable and useful to contemplate. His life was passed in continual exertion, but at the same time exhibited the virtues which are usually only seen among those who enjoy repose and leisure. He was not a man of genius in the higher sense of that word; but he employed his talents so judiciously, and with such an honest sense of responsibility, that the result of his labours almost equalled the productions of loftier minds. In a merely psychological point of view, therefore, his intellectual character is well worthy of study; but, as affording a lesson of true human worth, his conduct and opinions deserve the consideration of every man who can feel bettered by communing with the good, or who dare acknowledge that he wants the aid of sympathy and example to pursue an arduous and honourable course.

Mason Good was born May 25, 1764. His father was a dissenting minister, and a man of considerable attainments in classical and general learning. To his care, the subject of this memoir was indebted for the early acquaintance he enjoyed with the best writers of antiquity; and some of the specimens of his youthful powers, quoted by Dr. Gregory, indicate the serious and fine moral tone of feeling with which his mind was already imbued. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to Mr. Johnson, a surgeon at Gosport, under whom he pursued his professional studies with characteristic ardour, and at the same time cultivated poetry with so much care, that he composed "An Abstract View of the Principal Tropes and Figures of Rhetoric, in their Origin and Powers," made himself master of Italian; and, to crown all, compiled a Dictionary of Poetic Endings.

When he was about seventeen, Mr. now Dr. Babbington, was received by Mr. Johnson as an assistant, and a close intimacy was soon formed between the two young men. They were, however, not long together. The death of Mr. Johnson occurred before his apprentice had completed his term; and our young poet in consequence finished his studies at Havant. In 1783-4 he attended lectures in London, and was soon after taken into partnership by Mr. Deeks, of Sudbury. His skill and industry were there amply rewarded. He married a young lady of high respectability and many accomplishments, and appeared in the direct road to permanent happiness. But his wife died of consumption six months after their union, and in 1792 he was involved in dangerous embarrassment from having become bound for the payment of a friend's debts. Dr. Gregory gives the following moral to his account of this circumstance:—

"Some time in the year 1792, Mr. Good, either by becoming legally bound for some friends, or by lending them a large sum of money, under the expectation that it would be soon returned, but which they were unable to repay, was brought into circumstances of considerable pecuniary embarrassment. Mr. Fenn most cheerfully stepped forward to remove his difficulties, by lending him partial aid; and an aid, indeed, which would have been rendered completely effectual, had not Mr. Good resolved that perplexities, springing from what he regarded as his own want of caution (though in no other respect open to censure), should be removed principally by his own exertions. Thus it happened that a pecuniary loss, from the pressure of which men with minds of an ordinary cast would have gladly escaped as soon as assistance was offered, became with him the permanent incentive to a course of literary activity, which, though it was intercepted repeatedly by the most extraordinary failures and disappointments, issued at length in their complete removal, and in the establishment of a high and richly-deserved reputation."

We do not extract the poetical pieces quoted by Dr. Gregory from his friend's contributions to "The World," the *Morning Post*, as he terms it, of that day. There is little in them of force or originality; his prose essays, on the contrary, are marked by considerable ingenuity and power of argumentation. In 1793 he settled in London, having formed a professional connexion with a Mr. W., but he found his partner a man of the worst principles, and annoyances of every description were the consequence. He had

again married, and the following is the statement of his situation:—

"If Mr. Good made an entry in the prison books, Mr. W. in the succeeding entry would contradict it. If Mr. Good rose obviously in the estimation of a private patient, or his relatives, Mr. W. would set himself, by paltry insinuations, to excite doubts of his judgment or skill. And so on from day to day. The result may at once be anticipated. The business failed; the partnership was dissolved; Mr. W. died in the Fleet prison; and Mr. Good was again generously assisted by his affectionate relative at Ballingdon House. Mr. Good, however, as before, shrunk from the full reception of the aid offered him by Mr. Fenn, though he gratefully received essential help. He disguised the entire magnitude of his embarrassments from Mrs. Good and her family, and resolved to surmount them principally by his own exertions. I do not mention this determination for the sake of commending it, but for the sake of again marking its result upon his general character. An increasing family, project after project defeated, the frequent occurrence of unforeseen vexations, served but as new incentives to his professional activity, and to the most extended literary research. Thus circumstanced, for three or four years he concealed his anxieties from those he most loved, maintaining a cheerful demeanour among his friends, pursued his theoretical and practical inquiries into every accessible channel; and, at length, by God's blessing upon his exertions, surmounted every difficulty, and obtained professional reputation and employment, sufficient to satisfy his thirst for fame, and to place him in what are usually regarded as reputable and easy circumstances."

He now strove with unremitting zeal to obtain a rank among his medical brethren, and in 1794 became a member of the General Pharmaceutical Association. This Society was formed to establish a distinction between the druggist and the apothecary, and Dr. Gregory has given some amusing anecdotes, to show the state of Pharmacy at that period:—

"From this time, Mr. Good continued, as a member of the Medical Society, often as a member of its council, and for two or three years as one of its secretaries, to promote its interests. He also became an active member of a society, constituted in the year 1794, under the title of 'The General Pharmaceutical Association'; whose main design was to preserve the distinction between the apothecary and the druggist, which had for so many ages prevailed, and which, from recent circumstances, it was apprehended would be merged and lost, unless some special efforts were made to prevent it. Not only in London, but in almost every town in Great Britain, men of the most illiterate character and habits, ignorant of the science of medicine, of the formulae of prescription, of the theory and practice of chemistry, ignorant often, even of the English language, obtained extensive business as *druggists*, and not unfrequently connected with that the occupations of bleeding, tooth-drawing, and bone-setting. In various instances, country grocers had practised actively in these kindred departments; and the mischief, as may easily be conjectured, was immense. A man practised surgery and pharmacy, no farther from London than the village of Beckenham, whose whole medical education consisted in having been 'stable-boy, for two years, to a surgeon in that neighbourhood.' At Uckfield there were three 'grocer-druggists' who prescribed, and in cases of difficulty applied to their London drug-merchant for help. Some 'drug-dealing grocers, at Marlow,' substituted (for want of better knowledge) arsenic for cream of tartar, tinctures of opium and jalap for those of senna and rhubarb, and laire for glauher's salts; thus ruining instead of restoring the healths of those who were unfortunate enough to consult them. A druggist at Croydon, after labouring hard to ascertain the precise meaning of the words 'cucurbita cretacea,' discovered at length, with the kind aid of an equally learned disciple of Æsculapius, that they denoted 'an electric shock.' A medical gentleman at Worcester prescribed for his patient as follows:—'Decoct. Cascariæ ʒ iij. Tinct. ejusdem ʒ j.' The shopman who had the principal care of the business, having sought in vain for a phial labelled *Tinct. ejusdem*, sent to the shops of other druggists to procure it: but the search was fruitless, there was no *Tinct. ejusdem* to be procured in the city of Worcester, and the prescription was actually returned to the physician with an earnest request that he would substitute some other ingredient for this scarce tincture! Another blunder, but, unfortunately, of serious consequence, occurred in the year 1795 in the same city. A physician being requested to prescribe for a boy of ten years old, the son of a poor woman, labouring under a dyspnoea, directed this draught to be given him at bed-time: 'R Syr. Papav. Alb. ʒ j. Tinct. Opii Camph. ʒ iij. Ag. Distill. ʒ viii.' It was prepared by a druggist's shopman, who had not heard of the new name for Paregoric Elixir, and therefore made it with ʒ iij. of Tinct. Opii: he advised the mother to give the child only half of the draught, but that proved sufficiently strong to deprive him of life in about twenty-four hours."

Mr. Good's connexion with this Society led to his writing the 'History of Medicine,' and his application seemed to increase with the increase of his reputation. He made translations from various languages, studied universal grammar, and formed theories upon the science—wrote for reviews, and, while walking to the houses of his patients, effected a version of Lucretius. In 1816 he delivered the Lectures at the Surrey Institution, which were subsequently published under the title of the 'Book of Nature,' an elegant and interesting work, and in 1820, after a long and laborious practice as a surgeon, took the diploma of M.D. from

Marischal College, Aberdeen. He thus spoke of the event to Dr. Drake, with whom he had been many years intimate.

"I have now tried my new fortune for nearly six months, and only wish I had felt it prudent to have commenced earlier, for it has succeeded beyond my best expectations. All my old circle of patients are in turn patients still, without a single exception, so far as I know; and I have added very considerably to the number, as well as have to reply to a tolerably extensive range of advice from the country; so that my hands are pretty full still. I have also the satisfaction of finding that my late partner is gratified with his prospects. . . . You will be surprised to learn that almost the first patient I had, on entering on my new department, was Sir Gilbert Blane, who paid me this compliment, as I feel it to be, from mere friendship."

The 'System of Nosology,' and the 'Study of Medicine,' were the speedy fruits of the energy he employed in this new branch of the medical profession, and his fame was thereby established on a basis not less sound than honourable.

We cannot pretend to give the titles of all the treatises which proceeded from the pen of this laborious writer; but, while he was thus producing works of the highest utility to his professional brethren, he gave evidence of his love of literature by numerous translations from the poetical books of Scripture. He continued thus to exert his talents till 1826, when his health no longer allowed him to follow his usual occupations. In a letter written about this time, he says:—

"The die is cast, and we are going to Leamington. May a gracious Providence render its breezes balmy, and its waters healthful! And, above all, direct me how best to devote whatever time may be yet allotted me, to the glory of God and the good of myself and others. I have trifled with time too much already; it is high time to awake and be sober, and to prepare to leave it for eternity! Every moment ought to be precious."

His death occurred on the 2nd of January, 1827. We refer our readers to the third section of Dr. Gregory's interesting volume, for a very full account of Dr. Good's character, both moral and intellectual. The writer speaks with the warmth of a friend, and we are the more inclined to believe that he speaks the truth on that very account; admiration for the virtues of such a man as the subject of his memoir, is the strongest antidote that the human heart can possess against falsehood and dissimulation.

CIRCASSIAN FEMALES.

MARKET AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

"The Circassians and Georgians, who form the trade supply, are only victims of custom, willing victims, being brought up by their mercenary parents for the merchants. If born Mohammedan, they remain so; if born Christian, they are educated in no faith, in order that they may conform when purchased, to the Mussulman faith, and therefore they suffer no sacrifice on that score. They live a secluded life, harshly treated by their relations, never seeing a stranger's face, and therefore form no ties of friendship or love, preserve no pleasing recollections of home, to make them regret their country. Their destination is constantly before their eyes, painted in glowing colours; and, so far from dreading it, they look for the moment of going to Anapa, or Poti, whence they are shipped for Stamboul, with as much eagerness, as a parol-boarder of a French or Italian convent for her emancipation. In the market they are lodged in separate apartments, carefully secluded, where, in the hours of business—between nine and twelve—they may be visited by aspirants for possessing such delicate ware. I need not draw a veil over what follows. Decorum prevails. The waltz allows nearly as much liberty before hundreds of eyes. Of course the merchant gives his warranty, on which, and the preceding data, the bargain is closed. The common price of a tolerable looking maid is about 100*l*. Some fetch hundreds, the value depending as much on accomplishments as on beauty; but such are generally singled out by the Kislar Aga. A coarser article (!) from Nubia and Abyssinia, is exposed publicly on platforms, beneath verandahs, before the cribs of the white china. A more white toothed, plump cheeked, merry eyed set I seldom witnessed, with a smile and a gibe for every one, and often an audible 'Buy me.' They are sold easily and without trouble. Ladies are the usual purchasers for domestics. A slight inspection suffices. The girl gets up off the ground, gathers her coarse cloth round her loins, bids her companions adieu, and trips gaily, bare footed, and bare headed, after her new mistress, who immediately dresses her a la Turque, and hides her ebony with white veils. The price of one is about 16*l*."—*Slade's Turkey*.

A LADY'S LOG-BOOK.

[FURTHER EXTRACTS.]

Hitherto I have spoken of the agreeable side of a sea life; to-day and yesterday, from being unwell, I have done little, but say with Mariana in 'The Moated Grange,' "I am weary, weary." There is both comfort and discomfort in knowing that one shall be weary and unweary, well and unwell, sick and unwell of everything and person on board, full twice a week before the voyage ends. An active mind may counteract much of this; but much will yet remain, the consequences of varying wind and wave. The ear becomes fretted with the ceaseless sound of "many waters;" the eye aches with traversing their monotonous expanse; and the mind is perfectly fevered for want of one retired spot, one moment's perfect still-

ness. Now is the time to be tormented with longings after English green-laces—English hay-fields—anything, but the universal *brininess* that makes all one eats, drinks, touches, breathes, thinks, and feels—*salt*. Now is the time to adventure a new reading of Shakespeare, and vow that Hamlet had an eye to a sea voyage, when he exclaimed—"Oh flesh, how art thou fishified!" Now, one gets uncharitable, and reverses the good-day impression of one's fellow passengers. Now, one votes that the band (their instruments at least) be thrown overboard; that the piano in the next cabin do follow them; that the musical snuff-boxes, together with their owners, be sent either to the hold or to the main-top. No, are the excellent breakfast and dinners turned away from with distaste; and now, does the crazed appetite sympathize with the South American woman, when she longed "to pick the little bones of a little Tapoua boy's head." Now, are the steward and cook perplexed with the strange and diverse fancies of the ailing passengers.

Since I have been unwell, Sea Kitty has been induced to alter the tack of her consolations. The *sharks* and the *dolphins* being all too briny for my taste, she started off in a vein very fair prose poetry, touching the fruits of Madeira, reminiscences of English wild flowers, and a certain Christmas day, spent among the caves of Eilora. CHRISTMAS DAY IN INDIA! a hot CHRISTMAS DAY!

My first squall, and my second Sunday at sea—About midnight, I was awakened by what appeared the noise of a forest of wild beasts let loose overhead. The wind—it seemed as if I had never heard wind before—while the sea looked more than enough disposed

To come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow.

Add to this, rolling, lurching, pitching, heaving, and groaning on the part of the ship, and I fancied I had good right to be alarmed. Presently, suspecting what might happen, in walked Mrs. —, in what she called her storm dressing-gown, with a nonchalance that might have comforted any one. 'It's nothing, just nothing at all, Mem.'

'Then what is something?'
'Why when all the things that are lashed down, break loose in a moment—when the sea comes over the hammock rails—when—' and she drew such a picture of a real storm and of what she termed 'a hurricane,' that my squall was certainly constrained to hide its diminished head. Presently the wind lowered; I grew calm, and she went below, 'just to look round if any of the people were leaving port-holes open that ought to be shut; passengers don't know any better at first.'

Divine service was not held till the next evening, and in the cuddy (large dining cabin)—I could not personally attend, but, by leaving the door ajar, I could hear, and never did the celebration of Divine Service, whether in rustic church, crowded chapel, or gorgeous cathedral, come home so much to my heart and understanding. Doubtless there were personal reasons why the voice of the 'white-robed priest' should affect me peculiarly, but there was much to solemnize and affect of a more general nature. Floating over the waters, severed from all communion with our fellow beings on land, we were yet, by the words we uttered, the feelings we experienced, the blessings we prayed for, and many of the evils we asked deliverance from, one with every Christian assembly and church in the world.

I have been thinking much of various poetical descriptions of the sea, and in most I am struck with what, for want of a better term, I must be allowed to call *fresh-water-ism*. Now that I am really out at sea, I try in vain to realize those fancies which made it the abode of mermaids and men; of rocks strewn with pearls; caves abounding with

Jasper, and agate, and almandine,
fretted rocks, sparry pillars, golden thrones, and ten thousand other items illustrative of a palace, a jeweller's shop, a fancy ball, and a bazaar. The sea, even when calm and shining, strikes me as too grand, too stern, too real, to be connected with any thing that is pretty. We know almost as little of the depths of the ocean as we do of the depths of eternity—of which it is a great and awful emblem. It is singular, because the Jews could have only a limited acquaintance with it, that some of the scriptural expressions concerning the sea, have a truth, force, and majesty alone worthy of the object. An expression in Jeremiah is wonderfully precise:—"Though the waves thereof toss themselves," thus describing that separate and individual motion of each billow, which they have from the greatest to the least. The continuous rolling is the result of all this individual 'tossing,' and so independent are the movements, that one might fancy every particular wave to have a particular will. The heaving is of the mass beneath, and comes in voluminous rolls as of hills in motion; on the surface of these are the waves, that, far as the eye can reach, take a sharp, angular, spiral form, till the whole resembles an army of spear-beds in motion. The phrase used in the Prophet Jonah, 'The sea wrought and was very tempestuous,' may seem naked to those not on the element, but to any in the condition of Jonah's ship-master, there will be a power surpassing hyperbole, in the graphic simplicity of the expression, 'the sea wrought.' In the forty-sixth, or, as it is often called, in Luther's Psalm, there is a beautiful touch concerning the ocean, which never struck me when on land. After declaring that 'We will not be moved though the waters roar and be troubled, though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though

the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.—The writer suddenly takes comfort from a thought couched in the form of a simile, which has a beautiful connexion with the preceding description.—'There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of our God.' He must have been tossed, stunned, wearied, if not endangered on the deep, before he could have imagined this exquisite transition to the peace, the refreshing, and the stability of an inland river, 'wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby.'

With all my salt-water babble, I have said nothing of the mode in which a day ships from one—I dare not say the mode of employing a day, for, in truth, the instances are few, of persons achieving much on ship board. If you worked the ship, there would be occupation and interest: as a mere passenger, the business of the vessel goes on before your eyes, like a cabalistic process; and if danger really arose, you would have to lie still, listening to every species of noise, command, and effort, with the comfortable conviction, that if you go to the bottom, you will hardly understand the *how* or the *why*. 'But how do you pass your time?' enquires some one. Why, those who have canaries, air and feed them; those who have legs, sea legs, I mean, use them by the hour; those who have cigars, smoke them by legions; those who have appointments in the service, compare them; those who have not been in India, ask questions, which those who have been there, answer; those who have books, borrow and lend, oftener than read them; those who have appetites, (and happy are they,) eat; those who have the power, (and they are yet happier,) sleep; those who have minds, (and they are happiest of all,) think, and are the better for it. Ladies have many advantages in this cramped up life. They have, even here, chests of drawers to arrange, disarrange, and re-arrange; they have muslin to hem, caps to quilt, their outfits to discuss, and new tunes to play till they become old. They have been trained to sit still, or to walk in a style that resembles sitting still in motion. Moreover, they are not required to share, and in a rolling sea.

Off Madeira. Strange that a spot wherein none of us has a single acquaintance, should be looked forward to as a perfect land of Canaan. 'When we get to Madeira,' has either begun or ended every body's third sentence for the last two days, coupled of course with some appropriate scheme. 'Lots of grapes'—'The Nunnery'—'A long ride on mules'—'Clothes washed'—'Wine'—'Parties'—&c. &c. Now, when I get to Madeira, I will be put in a garden so thickly planted, that every thing shall be shut out, particularly Captain Basil Hall's 'element of which one never tires'; I will rejoice in being once more on the solid, solid earth; I will endeavour to get some place so still, so retired, so perfectly free from sights, that I might say with truth—

A Convent, ev'n a hermit's cell
Would break the silence of this dell.

After that—the sea again, with fresh spirits, renewed energy, and revived health. Meanwhile—nearly a calm tries the patience and wastes time;—yet is the moonlit sea like a vast plain studded with glow-worms; and the noonday sea like lapis lazuli, flecked with silver.

TURKISH JESTER.

"In the morning we were close off the Bosphorus, nearly becalmed. Not a strange sail was in sight, a void marvellously consoling to the crew, among whom I perceived a sad spirit of apprehension. I am not vain enough to say I did not share it, (the mere circumstance of there being no surgeon on board was discouraging,) but at any rate I did not shew it, and being fairly in for the worst, determined to make the best of it. I considered the trial of our strength only deferred. My principal aim was to encourage the chief, and, therefore, having first breakfasted on coffee thick as chocolate, without sugar, bread, and honey, I repaired to him. He was undergoing the operation of having his head shaved, and looked very dismal: that done, he performed his minor ablutions, and said his prayers, I all the while smoking his narghileh on the divan. 'What can I do?' the pasha despondingly said, 'with such men, such means? they know nothing.' 'Nor do you,' I thought; and replied, 'Let us do our best; allow me to exercise the guns, it will give the men confidence; if we do meet the enemy, let us not die like dogs!' He scarcely heeded me at the moment, for his attention was suddenly attracted by the appearance of a boat coming off. He hoped it contained his jester and his pilot, who had missed their passage the day before, and whose absence considerably annoyed him. He was disappointed; it brought an order from the seraskier pasha to steer out to sea again. His countenance fell; and we were about to fill the maintop sail, when a merchantman's boat was seen emerging from the shade of the canal's high banks. We distinguished in it a Frank and an Osmanley, the object of the pasha's solicitude. The jester skipped on deck with the confidence of one who knew that his presence would excuse his absence. He was gaily attired in scarlet and gold, and his fez was bound by a silver band. He was dumpy in stature, but active in limb; and his countenance displayed more archness than folly. He saw the suppressed smile of the officers, and at once ran up to the pasha, who affected to look stern, and, making a somerset, took hold of the hem of his robe, saying, 'Thus will the Russian admiral reel before your potent thunder, and thus will I salute him,' making a sign with his foot. 'Pezaeveng,' said the old man, taking him good-humouredly by the ear, 'I will nail this to my cabin-door.' 'The fool will then hear the wise man's se-

crets,' replied the other, 'and you will have to sew his mouth up. What would you do without his tongue? Talk to him,' he added, pointing to the pilot, who stood at the gangway, doubting what to do; 'without his boat your highness's Tom Fool must have come off on a porpoise's back, for the Pezaeveng caikgis will not take jests for piasres.' This acknowledgment, which included a sarcasm on his slender emoluments, secured his companion's grace; and with this invaluable addition we made sail. He had originally been a dervish, (a jester's profession, after all,) and was much liked by all the crew, for whom he was always ready to exert his influence.—*Slade's Travels.*

THE DESERTERS.

Two seamen, one an Englishman, and the other a Frenchman, were tried for desertion from one of our frigates. They had left their ship about three months, when the frigate captured a French privateer, and found them on board as part of her crew. For the Englishman, of course, there was no defence; he merited the punishment of death, to which he was immediately sentenced. There may be some excuse for desertion, when we consider that the seamen are taken into the service by force, but there could be none for fighting against his country. But the case of the Frenchman was different. He was born and bred in France, had been one of the crew of the French gun-boat at Cadiz, where he had been made a prisoner by the Spaniards, and expecting his throat to be cut every day, had contrived to escape on board of the frigate lying in the harbour, and entered into our service, I really believe to save his life. He was nearly two years in the frigate before he could find an opportunity of deserting from her, and returning to France, when he joined the French privateer. During the time that he was in the frigate, he bore an excellent character. The greatest point against him was, that on his arrival at Gibraltar, he had been offered, and received the bounty. When the Englishman was asked what he had to say in his defence, he replied, that he had been pressed out of an American ship, that he was an American born, and that he had never taken the bounty. But this was not true. The defence of the Frenchman was considered so very good for a person in his station in life, that I obtained a copy of it, which ran as follows:—

"Mr. President, and Officers of the Honourable Court.—It is with the greatest humility that I venture to address you. I shall be very brief, nor shall I attempt to disprove the charges which have been made against me, but confine myself to a few facts, the consideration of which will, I trust, operate upon your feelings in mitigation of the punishment to which I may be sentenced for my fault—a fault which proceeded, not from any evil motive, but from an ardent love for my country. I am by birth a Frenchman; my life has been spent in the service of France until a few months after the revolution in Spain, when I, together with those who composed the French Squadron at Cadiz, was made a prisoner. The hardships and cruel usage which I endured, became insupportable. I effected my escape, and after wandering about the town for two or three days, in hourly expectation of being assassinated, (the fate of too many of my unfortunate countrymen)—desperate from famine—and perceiving no other chance of escaping from the town,—I was reduced to the necessity of offering myself as a volunteer on board of an English frigate. I dared not, as I ought to have done, acknowledge myself to have been a prisoner, from a dread of being delivered up to the Spaniards. During the period that I served on board of your frigate, I confidently rely upon the captain and officers for my character.

The love of our country, although dormant for a time, will ultimately be roused, and peculiar circumstances occurred which rendered the feeling irresistible. I returned to my duty, and for having so done, am I to be debarred from again returning to that country so dear to me—from again beholding my aged parents, who bless me in my absence—from again embracing my brothers and sisters—to end my days upon a scaffold?—not for the crime which I did commit in entering into your service, but for an act of duty and repentance,—that of returning to my own. Allow me to observe, that the charge against me is not for entering your service, but for having deserted from it. For the former, not even my misery can be brought forward but in extenuation; for the latter, I have a proud consciousness, which will, I trust, be my support in my extremity.

Gentlemen! I earnestly entreat you to consider my situation, and I am sure that your generous hearts will pity me. Let that love of your country, which now animates your breasts, and induces you to risk your lives and your all, now plead for me. Already has British humanity saved thousands of my countrymen from the rage of the Spaniards;—let that same humanity be extended now, and induce my judges to add one more to the list of those who, although our nations are at war, if they are endowed with feeling, can have but one sentiment towards their generous enemy—a sentiment overpowering all others,—that of a deep-felt gratitude."

Whatever may have been the effect of the address upon the court individually, it appeared at the time to have none upon them as a body. Both the men were condemned to death, and the day after the morrow was fixed for their execution. I watched the two prisoners as they went down the side, to be conducted on board of their own ship. The Englishman threw himself down in the stern sheets of the boat, every minor consideration apparently swallowed up in the

* This is fact.

thought of his approaching end; but the Frenchman, before he sat down, observing that the seat was a little dirty, took out his silk handkerchief, and spread it on the seat, that he might not soil his nankeen trousers!

I was ordered to attend the punishment on the day appointed. The sun shone so brightly, and the sky was so clear, the wind so gentle and mild, that it appeared hardly possible that it was to be a day of such awe and misery to the two poor men, or of such melancholy to the fleet in general. I pulled up my boat with the others belonging to the ships of the fleet, in obedience to the orders of the officer superintending, close to the fore-chains of the ship. In about half an hour afterwards, the prisoners made their appearance on the scaffold: the caps were pulled over their eyes, and the gun fired beneath them. When the smoke rolled away, the Englishman was swinging at the yard-arm, but the Frenchman was not; he had made a spring when the gun fired, hoping to break his neck at once, and put an end to his misery; but he fell on the edge of the scaffold, where he lay. We thought that his rope had given way, and it appeared that he did the same, for he made an inquiry, but they returned him no answer. He was kept on the scaffold during the whole hour that the Englishman remained suspended; his cap had been removed, and he looked occasionally at his fellow-sufferer. When the body was lowered down, he considered that his time was come, and attempted to leap overboard. He was restrained, and led aft, where his reprieve was read to him, and his arms were unbound. But the effect of the shock was too much for his mind; he fell down in a swoon, and when he recovered, his senses had left him, and I heard that he never recovered them, but was sent home to be confined as a maniac. I thought, and the result proved, that it was carried too far. It is not the custom, when a man is reprieved, to tell him so until after he is on the scaffold—with the intention that his awful situation at the time may make a lasting impression upon him during the remainder of his life; but, as a foreigner, he was not aware of our customs, and the hour of intense feeling which he underwent was too much for his reason. I must say, that this circumstance was always a source of deep regret in the whole fleet, and that his being a Frenchman, instead of an Englishman, increased the feeling of commiseration.—*Metrop.*

TRAVELLING IN RUSSIA.

"The weather was very fine, and we travelled till midnight, when we stopped at a small dwelling at the entrance of a village called Katerimboung. This, I found, was to be our resting-place for the remainder of the night: the spot was as silent as the grave. After knocking and calling for some time, a voice answered from within. A short colloquy having passed between the *fuhrmann* and the inmate, the door was opened, and I was shown into a most miserable room, totally destitute of furniture. On looking over my journal, I find the following memorandum: 'Katerimboung—first litter, Jew, or devil, fleas, &c. &c.' I thought I had seen misery enough, but, alas! it was my doom to witness a good deal more. The being who inhabited this den was a Jew of the most forbidding aspect: he was of middle stature, and clothed in a black cassock fitting close to his lean carcase—so lean, that (as a friend of mine was wont to say of a slim gentleman of our acquaintance) he would require stuffing to be a correct representative of the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*. His complexion was deadly pale; his eyes black as jet, and constantly in motion; his hair and beard matted and neglected. He spoke but seldom, and moved about with noiseless step, occasionally leaning against the wall, and eyeing me from top to toe. I felt fatigued, and ordered my bed: the creature vanished, but soon reappeared, carrying a quantity of hay, which he threw down in a corner of the room, shaking it up afterwards as though a litter were preparing for a horse. I had the cushions of my carriage arranged for a pillow; and having primed my pistols, and obtained a candle to burn until morning, I wrapped my cloak around me, and was left alone with my glory. Alone! did I say? This is a mistake, for I had company of the most piquant description: myriads of fleas hopped about my devoted frame, punctured my skin, sucked my blood, tickled my nose, and banished sleep from my eyes. I hailed the dawn joyfully, and, rushing into the open air, ran to a distance from the hovel, with my enemies on my back, shook them off with disdain, and then hastened out of their reach. Nothing could tempt me to re-enter my bed-room. After some difficulty I obtained a little milk; for which slight refection, and my night's lodging, my impassable host charged me exorbitantly."

[In thirty seven days, through these comforts, the traveller reached Odessa, of the ancient and modern history of which he gives an epitome, from the period of its answering to the *Akenos* of the Greeks, to its revival some forty years ago by Prince Potemkin, its great improvement under the Duke of Richelieu, and its present condition as mercantile town of considerable importance, and a great corn and wine depot.]

ODESSA CARRIAGES.

"The public carriages of Odessa are called *droschki*; they are built low, and are usually made to convey one person only, though I have seen two, and even three passengers stowed in them. The general way for a gentleman to sit is as though he were on horseback. The morning after my arrival, I had occasion to mount one of these (to me) novel vehicles; and, to tell you the truth, I did not know exactly where to arrange my legs; for I had no notion of riding on cushion back. However, I watched others, bestrode my rocking horse, (for the springs are so

elastic that the carriages yield to the slightest impulse) and was soon regularly installed *a la Russe*. The public *droschki* are, for the most part, drawn by two horses. One of the animals has his head tied up to a kind of hoop, which rises from the ends of the shafts to about a foot above his ears, which makes him look grand; the other is so harnessed as to have his head drawn down almost to the ground, and on one side; this, and the management of the reins, causes him to curvet. It is painful to see the poor creatures thus fettered for mere show. The driver sits on a very small dickey-box; his dress is picturesque, consisting of a very low hat, widening at the top, ornamented with a broad silken band and bright buckle; he wears a kind of frock-coat, fitting close to the waist, round which it is strapped: this coat has not any collar, and as the men have their hair cut extremely short all round, the lower part of the back of the head is bare, as is also the neck. Many of these drivers have long beards. I have heard them singing wild but not unpleasant airs: they appear to me to have a natural good taste for music."

A TRAVELLING COMPANION.

"A person, named Solomon Pintner, has agreed to convey me to Strasburg, with the same horses, in twelve days; when our bargain was completed, the man presented me with a piece of gold coin, of the value of about twenty shillings, by way of binding the said bargain. On all former occasions of this kind I have been called upon to make a deposit. Another peculiarity was, that, in the course of the negotiation with the coachmaster, I happened to mention that a friend of mine, who was about to leave Vienna, had been so fortunate as to be offered a seat in the carriage of a baroness.—'Well,' said old Solomon Pintner, 'I will engage to get a baroness to accompany you, if you wish it.' This was really very kind;—but I declined the obliging offer.—*Moore's Travels.*

Benevolence.—Mr. John Hill, who died a short time ago at his house, Great Chapel street, Westminster, in his 88th year, has left by his will the following charitable legacies:—To the Lock Asylum, 50*l.*; London Female Penitentiary, 100*l.*; British and Foreign Bible Society, 200*l.*; Church Missionary Society, 200*l.*; London Missionary Society, 100*l.*; Moravian Missionary Society, 200*l.*; Deaf and Dumb Institution, 100*l.*; Female Penitentiary (West), 50*l.*; Religious Tract Society, 200*l.*; Ranelagh Infants' Friend Society, 50*l.*; Hibernian Society, 100*l.*; Westminster Hospital, 100*l.*; Charles street Dispensary, 200*l.*; Bristol Education Society, 100*l.*; Baptist Missionary Society, 100*l.*; Refuge for the Destitute, 100*l.*; Emberton Schools, 50*l.*; Aged Pilgrims, 50*l.*; for an annual sermon at Ranelagh Chapel on Whit-Sunday morning, 100*l.*; Home Missionary Society, 100*l.*; Indigent Blind, 100*l.*; Infant School, Hereford, 50*l.*; Schools at Hereford, 150*l.*; Westminster New Charity School, 100*l.*; London Orphan Asylum, 100*l.*; Highbury College, 100*l.*; Islington College, 100*l.*; Christian Instruction Society, 100*l.*; Friends' Almshouses, Camberwell, 50*l.*; Hans Town School, 50*l.*; Philanthropic Society, 100*l.*; Long Acre Schools, 50*l.*; Long Acre Benevolent Society, 50*l.*; Associate Fund (poor Ministers), 100*l.*; Penitentiary, St. George's East, 80*l.*; Bromyard Meeting (in trust), 100*l.*; Sunday Schools, Broadway Church, 100*l.*; Pimlico Schools, 50*l.*; Broadway Church Benevolent Society, 100*l.*; National Benevolent Society, 50*l.*—*London paper.*

Antiquities of Edinburgh.—The workmen employed in removing the Back stairs, and other prescribed buildings on the south side of the Parliament House, next the Cowgate, have just discovered a large portion of the ancient city walls running east and west. Where it has not been disturbed, it is from ten to twelve feet high, and about six feet thick, and is in excellent preservation. Several gentlemen, fond of "Auld lang syne," have been viewing this early specimen of civic masonry, and they are all struck with its solid and formidable appearance. The workmen have also dug up a variety of human bones, and coffins made of strong solid oak planks, twenty feet below the present level of the Parliament-square, which is another proof that that celebrated spot was early dedicated to the services of the church, and that the foundations of St. Giles', which is nearly 1,000 years old, are perhaps more sunk in the earth than what is generally known.—*Scotsman.*

The British Oak.—Among the traditions of this wonderful tree, the following will, we have no doubt, prove interesting to our readers. The large Golden Oak, which was felled in the year 1810, for the use of His Majesty's navy, grew about four miles from the town of Newport, in Monmouthshire; the main trunk, at ten feet long, produced 450 cubic feet, one limb, 355 one ditto 472, one ditto 235, one ditto 156, one ditto 106, one ditto 113, and, six other limbs of inferior size averaged 93 feet each, making the whole number 2,426 cubic feet of sound and convertible timber. The bark was estimated at six tons; but as some of the heavy body bark was stolen out of the barge at Newport, the exact weight is not known, five men were twenty days stripping and cutting down this tree; and a pair of sawyers were five months converting it, without losing a day (Sunday excepted.) The money paid for converting only, independent of the expense of carriage, was £82, and the whole produce of the tree, when brought to market, was within a trifle of £600. It was bought standing for £405. The main trunk was nine feet and a half in diameter, and in sawing it through a stone was discovered, six feet from the ground, above a yard in the body of the

tree, through which the saw cut; the stone was about six inches and a half in diameter, and completely shut in, but around which there was not the least symptom of decay. The rings in its butt were carefully reckoned, and amounted to above four hundred in number, a convincing proof this tree was in an improving state for upwards of 400 years; and as the ends of some of its branches were decaying, and had dropped off, it is presumed it had stood a great number of years after it had attained maturity.

DEBT.—The Dutch entertain no pity for those who are in debt; they think that every person that contracts debts lives at the expense of his fellow-citizens, if he be poor; and of his heirs, if he be rich.—*Mirabeau's Letters.*

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 23, 1833.

We some weeks back invited the attention of our readers to an article in our columns on the subject of "National Cemeteries," in which we took occasion to notice the celebrated *Pere la Chaise*, near Paris, and the intended place of Sepulture now laying out in the vicinity of London. The late extraordinary proceedings in the matter of Trinity Church yard renders this subject a matter of deep interest to the public at this moment. Surely among the vacant tracts of land which are still unappropriated in the vicinity of our city, one *Macphelah* might be found where the remains of our departed might rest secure and inviolate.

The advantages of a national cemetery, whether as regards the health of a city, or the security of the deceased, are many, and have been ably argued by philanthropists. The British Legislature fully concurring in the necessity for a receptacle of this nature, have placed every facility at the command of Mr. Carden, the worthy projector of the great work now in progress near London.

We have already expressed our conviction of the impropriety of interments in churches, &c. within the city, and our opinions have gathered strength from the late uncalled for violation of consecrated ground. If the dust of our citizens every ten, twenty or fifty years, is to be thrown to the winds because their sleeping place happens to lie within the precincts of the mercenary or the speculative, is not that of itself a reason—aye, and a powerful one—why a spot should be appropriated for the reception of our dead, where no streets or sacrilegious mercenaries shall dare to interfere with their poor domicile.

We press this subject on our readers now—while their feelings are alive to the necessity of action,—and trust that among our public men some may be found who are willing—as we know they are able, to give this matter the attention which it demands. *

STORY OF THE TIN PEDDLER AND SLEEPY DAVID.

The following story, extracted from the forthcoming work of "A YANKEE AMONG THE NULLIFIERS," purports to be told to the author by a South Carolinian:—

"The Yankees, as I said before, are apt to be too cute for us in every thing except horseflesh, and even sometimes in that. It was this day three years ago, and on this very spot, that I entered my horse *Southron* for a purse of two thousand dollars. He had won a like sum the year before with all ease. In short he was the best horse at that time in all Carolina. There were to be sure two other horses, and very fine ones too, entered against him; but they were no touch to *Southron*, and I was as sure of winning as I am of sitting here at this moment—when who should come along but a d— Yankee with a tin-can! He had the shabbiest, worst looking horse you ever set eyes on. He was a lean, slab-sided, crook-legged, rough-haired, milk-and-molasses-colored son of a gun as ever went on four legs. He stood all the time as if he was asleep—in fact, his owner called him *SLEEPY DAVID*. In short, sir, he was such a horse as would not have brought twenty dollars.

It was near the hour of starting, when the pedler, whose exterior corresponded marvellously with that of his horse, and who said his name was *Zadock Barker*, to the astonishment of all, intimated a wish to enter his horse along with the rest.

"Your horse!" exclaimed I—"what, that sleepy looking devil there? You'd better enter him for the turkey-buzzards."

"Not 's you know on, Mister," returned the Yankee, with some show of spirit. "To be sure the critter looks rather sleepy as he stands, and on that account I call him *Sleepy David*; but he's a jo-fired smart horse for all that. He's like a siuged cat, a darned sight better than he looks. I should like tar-nation well to try him against some of your South Carolina horses. To be sure I didn't come all the way from home on purpose; but as I was coming

out this way with a load of tin and other notions, I thought I might time it so as to kill two birds with one stone; for, thinks I to myself, if I can win the purse and peddle off my notions at the same time, I shall make a plaguy good speck. But I had to hurry on like the nation, to get here in season; and that's one reason my horse looks so kind of shabby and out of kilter this morning. But for all that he'll perform like days work I tell you."

Supposing he had no idea of running his horse, and that all he said was merely to gratify his propensity for talking, I bade him be gone, and not trouble me with his d— Yankee palaver.

"Why, Mister," said he, "this is a free country, and a man has a right to talk, or let it alone, just as he can afford. Now I've taken a good deal of pains to get here this morning in order to run *Sleepy David* against some of your Southern hosses. I aint a joking, sir, I'm in earnest. I understand there is a purse of two thousand dollars, and I should like amazingly to pick it up."

"You talk of picking up a purse of two thousand dollars with that bit of carrion of yours! Away with you, and don't trouble us any further."

"Well, if I can't run, then I spose I can't; but it's darned hard any how for a man to take so much pains as I have to come to the races, and then can't be allowed to run arter all."

"It's too late now; by the rules of the course the horse should have been entered yesterday; however, if you'll plank the entrance money, perhaps you may get in yet."

I said this by way of getting rid of the fellow, having no idea he could command a fourth part of the sum required.

"How much might the entrance money be?" drawing out a purse containing a few shillings in silver and a few pence in copper. "If it aint more'n a quarter of a dollar or so, I'll plank it on the nail."

"It is two hundred dollars."

"Two hundred dollars!" exclaimed the Yankee. "By golly, what a price! Why they axed me only a quarter of a dollar to see the Elephant and the whole Caravan in New York. Two hundred dollars! Why you must be joking now. Bless me! my whole load of tin ware, hoss, wagon and all wouldn't fetch that. But, Mister, don't you think I could get in for ten dollars?"

"Nothing short of two hundred; and that must be paid in the short space of five minutes."

We now thought we had fairly got rid of the fellow; but he returned to the charge, and asked if fifty dollars wouldn't do, then seventy-five, then a hundred; and finding he could not make a bargain for less than the regular sum, he engaged to give it, provided he could find any one to loan him the money, for which he offered to pawn his wagon load of notions and *Sleepy David* to boot. He asked one, then another, to accommodate him with the loan—declaring that as soon as ever he took the purse, the money should be returned, and he would give a dozen of tin whistles into the bargain. He, however, got more curses than coppers, until some wag, who had plenty of cash, and liked to see the sport go on, lent him the two hundred dollars out of sheer malice. Though, as it afterwards turned out, the Yankee had money enough about him, and was merely playing the 'possum all the while.

His next object was to borrow a saddle. Here also he was accommodated; and taking *Sleepy David* from the tin-can, he scrambled upon his back, and took his station on the course. You never saw a fellow sit a horse so awkwardly in all your life. Every body said he would fall before he had gone a hundred yards; and some out of compassion urged him to withdraw.

"Not by a darned sight," exclaimed he—"Why, do you think I'm such a tarnel fool as to pay two hundred dollars, and then not run arter all?"

Others, who wanted to see the sport, though it should cost some broken bones, encouraged him to proceed—saying, as they laughed aloud, that they had no doubt but he would carry off the purse.

"That's what I mean to do," said he—"I haint come here for nothing, I can tell you. Wake up, *Sleepy David*, and look about you; you must have your eyes open to-day; it's no time to be snoozin when there's money at stake."

The horse, as if he understood what his master was saying, opened his eyes, pricked up his ears, and actually showed some signs of life.

The signal was now given to start. Away sprang *Southron*, with the speed of lightning, and away sprang the other Southern horses, leaving *Sleepy David* far in the rear, and the pedler verging from side to side, as if he was just ready to fall off. The horse went pawing along with his tail clinging close to his haunches, and his nose stuck out straight before him; and you never beheld so queer a figure cut by any man and horse as this singular pair made.

But they improved as they proceeded; the pedler sat more jockey-like, and the horse evidently gained

upon the others. But it would not do. He came in at least half a mile behind *Southron*, and a little less behind the others.

It was now thought the Yankee had got enough of the race, and would withdraw before the next heat. Contrary to all expectation, however, he persevered; and even offered to bet a thousand dollars on the issue of the race.

"The fellow's a fool," said one.

"He don't know which side his bread is buttered," said another, "or else he wouldn't risk any more money on so desperate a stake."

"He's safe enough there," said a third, "for he has no more to risk."

Here, however, every body was mistaken again, for the pedler hauled out an old greasy pocket book and planked the thousand dollars. It was covered of course. But I confess I now began to be staggered; and to suspect the Yankee was, after all, more knave than fool. I had no fears, however, for the purse. *Southron* was not a horse to be distanced in one day, and especially by such a miserable looking devil as *Sleepy David*.

The second heat was now commenced; and, if I had before felt confident in the entire superiority of my noble horse *Southron*, that confidence was strengthened, as I again saw him coming in ahead of the rest. I considered the purse now as my own property. In imagination I had grasped it, and was about putting it safely in my pocket, when—lo and behold! the pedler's horse, which was behind all the rest, suddenly shot forward as if the devil kicked him on end; and, stretching his neck like a crane, won the heat by a head.

Every body was astonished. "That horse must be the devil himself," said one. "At least, he has the devil to back him," said a third; "I was sure he would play you some Yankee trick before he had got through." Such were the observations that passed from mouth to mouth.

The Yankee, in the meantime, offered to plank another thousand dollars; but nobody would take the bet. And it was well they didn't; for at the third heat, *Sleepy David* not only distanced every horse, but even came in a full quarter of a mile ahead of *Southron* himself.

"There, by golly!" said the Yankee, as he dismounted, "I'll take that are leetle purse if you please, and the tother codd thousand! I knew well enough that your Southern hosses couldn't hold a candle to *Sleepy David*."

RECORDS OF MY LIFE, by the late John Taylor.—This amusing volume has just been published by the Messrs. Harper. The work is replete with sketches of character, anecdote and facetiae of nearly every public character who has flourished during the last half century. We have not space this week for any extracts, but hope for the pleasure of presenting to our readers in our next some of the good things with which this volume abounds.

JUVENILE RAMBLER.—We have received the 7th number of this paper, published at Boston, and are much pleased with the contents, which are well calculated to induce a thirst for information in the minds of those for whom this journal is prepared.

THE DRAMA.

Park Theatre.—The benefit of Miss Kemble on Monday evening was attended by a crowded and very fashionable audience. Of Mr. Kemble's *Macbeth* we would speak in terms of praise; the character of the ambitious thane was given with a feeling and discrimination which did full justice to the judgment of Mr. Kemble.

Of Miss Kemble's personation of Lady *Macbeth*, though well played, it would yet be hard to place this performance as the maximum of this lady's talents. Her *Juliet*, and *Belvidera*, are extraordinary efforts, and are played with a truth and delicacy of feeling that commands the praise which has ever been awarded to her in these and similar characters. Such parts, however, as *Volumnia*, *Constance*, and the character now before us, are not the parts in which Miss Kemble shines. We are not detracting from the merits of this excellent young actress, in thus expressing our opinion of her talents; where she is pre-eminent we have ever offered our tribute as the due meed which genius should command, but in our opinion the tender, the amiable, the lovely, are the characters in which Miss Kemble's genius should be exhibited. Such is her *Juliet*—her personation of whom, like the rose, "doth seem each time to shed a richer fragrance."

NEW YORK MENAGERIE.—This noble collection of living specimens of animal history will continue open to the public only for this month, and the lovers of animated nature in this city will, we have no doubt, avail themselves of this favorable opportunity to inspect these wonders of the forest. (See adv.)

DOGBERRY'S NOTE BOOK.

Family Honours.—Samuel Timothy Browner, a diminutive porter, when he can get a job, was charged by his better half, Sarah, with having pummelled her considerably, and in addition to which he had walked up and down the street with a drawn sword in his hand, and thus prevented egress and ingress to his own mansion, situated in the purlieus of Peter street, Berwick street, Soho.

"Your worship, I keeps him," commenced Mrs. Browner; "I've followed my business for nine years, and I keeps the family together?"

Magistrate.—Pray what is your business?

Complainant.—I'm shoebinder to a lady's man, and I gets a respectable livelihood at it. He hit me this morning, and then he went out in our street and took the drawn sword and swore he'd do for me. He's always doing it.

Mr. Browner walked up and down the office, a miserable monument of mismatched matrimony. He at length screwed his courage up to the sticking point, and commenced his defence:—"What I've got to say to your worship is but short. Just ax her what I did it for, and what provocation she gived me. Your worship, I've got valyble books as I had from my grandfather, and he lived to a great age. He was 108 before he died. And she takes and tears the leaves out of these here books and 'stroy's 'em, and sells 'em for waste paper. I ask your worship whether taint enough to sasperate a saint?"

Complainant.—Yes, it's because he leaves me no money to get nothing.

Magistrate.—Well, the poor woman must not starve.

Defendant.—Lord bless your worship, starve! Not she. Why she says she's independent without me.

Complainant.—I wants to appear tidy and decent, and that's what vexes him.

Defendant.—Why, doesn't I sell sprats in the street, or any thing else, to yarn a living?

Magistrate.—What do you do with a sword in the house?

Defendant.—Why I buys and sells 'em. Now if I sees a sword at a broker's or an old iron shop, if I can turn a penny by it, why I buys it and sells it agin.

Magistrate.—But you have no business to strike her.

Defendant.—Bless your worship, I took the poker and shovel away from her.

Magistrate.—By your conduct here I see that you are an irritable man.

Complainant.—Ah, that he is, and he's passionate too.

Defendant.—Passionate, Sal! Why, didn't you break that 'ere old chaney bason as was my grandfather's; and havn't I paid two pence for many a rivet for it just to keep the family honours a little.

How long the recrimination would have lasted it is impossible to say, had not the magistrate cut it short by ordering the champion for family honours to find bail.

Quick Work.—John Healy was placed on his trial at the Recorder's court, Dublin, for stealing from a lady a Reticule containing a purse, in which were six pound notes and other articles. The lady proved the loss of the Reticule.

P. Costello, a car-driver, was the next witness sworn.

Court.—What, do you know about the purse?

Witness.—Oh! not a hap'orth your honor—is it I!—(a laugh)—but I'll tell you all I can; I was sitting driving my car through Grafton-street one day, when I saw the young man there (the prisoner) 'cool and aisy,' lift up the pocket or whatever you call it, which the lady had hanging from her arm, and regularly weighing it as if to find out what was in it. (Laughter.) Faith, said I to myself, that is queer enough; by Japers this fellow's at something. (A laugh.) I then just turned my head round to look back, when I saw the strings of the pocket (reticule) hanging from the lady's arm, but the devil a thing more than the strings was there, and the prisoner, who was just passing the lady at the time, slipped the pocket or purse under the skirt of his surtout. *Be me soul!* says I to myself, but that's quick work. (A laugh.)

I turned the car about and went after him, and I tho't I saw him slip something to his comrade, and so I am sure he did. Isn't that nate, said I to myself. I then came up to the prisoner, and met him face to face—and said, by the boky, you done that nice. The court reprimanded the witness for cursing.

Witness.—And was not I made to swear here that I'd tell the truth, and isn't cursing and swearing the same? I'm only swearing to what I did say at that time. (Laughter.)

Witness in continuation.—When I came up to him, as I was saying, by dad, says I (here the witness, looking significantly to the Bench, as much as to know was 'by dad' cursing) you did that nice.—What, (quite innocently) says he. *Nabockish*, says I—(laughter)—But you must give the article back to the lady. A crowd gathered, and a gentleman came

up, and he say to me, 'do you know any thing about the lady's purse?' Oh! blood an' ours, says I, do you think I'm a robber. How would I know any thing about the lady's purse—(laughter)—only that the fellow that tuk it was there—and there he is now in the dock sure enough. (A laugh.) Says the gentleman to me, you must come to the Police Office. Oh! thunder an' nagers, says I, for what? For fairness, says he. Oh then, if that's the case, the Devil a peg, says I, I'll go, but however the poleesh brought me, and here I am.

JOHN MARTIN, AND IMAGINARY PICTURES.

"I never," said Emily, taking up an engraving from Martin's Illustrations of Milton, "have my idea of a palace realized but in these pictures—the halls of porphyry through which Prince Ahmed was led to the throne of his fairy queen—or those of a thousand pillars of black marble, where the young king sat an enchanted statue."

Edmond Lorraine.—"I should like to be the Czar, if I were only to give some millions of my barbarians employment in erecting a palace after Martin's design. It would be for their benefit. The monarch must be noble as his dwelling; and my ideas would be exalted as my roof, and my actions imitate the beauty and regularity of my pillars."

Miss Arundel.—"Do not you think his landscapes have the same magnificent spirit of poetry in them as his architecture? Look at these trees, each one a temple—these rocks, yet warm with the lightning flash, which has just rent a fearful chasm. I know not why, but I never see a stream of his painting but I recall those lines of Coleridge's:

"Where Alpha, the sacred river, ran,
Down to a sunless sea!"

If he had lived in the days of the Caliphs, Zobeide would have chosen him to paint the palace of pictures she waged with Haroun Alraschid."

Edmond Lorraine.—"What an illustrator he would be of the Arabian Nights! His pencil would be like the wand of their own geni; the lamp itself could not call up a more gorgeous hall than he would. Think of those magnificent windows, of which even a king had not gems enough in his treasury to finish one; or what would he not image of the enchanted garden itself, where the grapes were rubies, the flowers of pearl, and the mysterious shrine where burnt the mystic lamp. I would assemble them in a picture-gallery, where once a year I would ask my friends to a banquet, sacred to the memory of M. de Caillaud."

Edmond Lorraine.—"Talking of wings—with what magnificent plumes does Martin invest his angels, as if tinged by every ray of sunshine they caught in their descent to the earth; and their size, too, gives such an idea of power!"

Emily Arundel.—"But to go back to supposing subjects for his pictures. What do you say to the midnight fete in the gardens of Scherzrabade, when the Caliph visited his beautiful favourite? Think of the hundred black slaves, with their torches of scented wax—the guards with their gorgeous turbans and glittering cimeters—the lighted galleries of the palace—the fountains with their thousand lamps—the sparkling fountains—and the lake, one gigantic mirror of the whole festival."

Edmond Lorraine.—"As only inferior to my own subject: every one has his favourite hero; and mine, the only gentleman Rome ever possessed, is Lucullus. I have a very disrespectful feeling towards your great men who piqued themselves on wearing an old cloak, and who resorted to peeling turnips as an elegant employment for their leisure hours. Lucullus conquered; and, after energy and exertion, sought refinement and repose. He cultivated his thoughts instead of his radishes; and he studied that union of luxury and philosophy, which is the excellence of refinement. My picture is 'Lucullus at supper.'"

Emily Arundel.—"Nay, I cannot admit the superiority of your subject."

Edmond Lorraine.—"Because you have not considered it. I suppose him at supper that night when he gave that superb reply, dictated in the noblest spirit of self-appreciation, 'Lucullus sups with Lucullus to-night!' Conqueror of Asia! victor of Mithridates! you were worthy of your glory! First, imagine a noble hall, of that fine blue which the walls of Portici yet preserve, supported by Corinthian pillars of the purest Parian marble; scatter round a few pieces of exquisite sculpture—a Venus, of beauty as ideal as its dream—a nymph, only less lovely—an Apollo, the personification of the genius which first imagined, and then bodied forth his likeness—a few busts, each one a history of the immortal mind—and in the distance a huge portal unfolds, whence are issuing slaves, in all the gorgeous variety of Eastern costume, approaching a table bright with purple grapes—the ruby cherries, his own present of peace to Italy—flasks of wine, like imprisoned sunbeams, whether touched with the golden light of noon, or the crimson hues of

sunset—goblets of crystal, vases of gold and silver, or the finely-formed Etruscan; and above, a silver lamp, like an earthly moon. There are two windows—in the one a violet-coloured curtain, waved back by the wind, just discovers a group of Ionian girls; their black hair wreathed with flowers, and holding lutes, whose sweet chorus is making musical the air of a strange land with the songs of their own. The other window has the rich Italian evening only shut out by the luxuriant branches of a myrtle; and beyond is a grove of cypress, a small and a winding river—

A fairy thing

Which the eye watches in its wandering.

Seated on the triclinium in the midst is a middle-aged man, with a high and noble brow; the fine aquiline nose, so patrician, as if their eagle had set his own seal on his warlike race; an expression of almost melancholy sweetness in his mouth, but of decision in the large meditative blue eye; on one side a written scroll, bearing the name of Plato, has just dropped from his hand; and on the other, a beautiful youth kneels to announce to him, 'that Lucullus sups with Lucullus to-night.'"

THE OLYMPIAN JUPITER.

The Greek masters in Sculpture have been happily designated as "Magicians in marble." The taste which the Grecian people possessed for the beautiful, is well known. It stands among the chief of those characteristics by which they designated persons of eminence. Their artists considered beauty as the first object of their studies; and by this means they surpassed all other nations, and have become models for all ages.

Of Phidias, the most celebrated sculptor of Greece, the Athenians spoke with a rapture which knew no bounds. Lucian says, "We adore Phidias in his works, and he partakes of the incense we offer to the gods he has made." Pausanias relates, that when this artist had finished his magnificent statue of the Olympian Jupiter, Jupiter himself applauded his labours; for when Phidias urged the god to show by some sign if the work was agreeable to him, the pavement of the temple was immediately struck with thunder. Such incidents, though fabulous, are valuable, inasmuch as they serve to prove the exalted notions the people entertained of the objects to which they related.

Phidias ingeniously acknowledged, that he derived his conceptions of this Jupiter from the passage of Homer, which represents the master of the gods shaking Olympus with the motion of his black brows. The god was seated on a throne, above which he rose fifty-four feet in height! On his head he wore a crown of olive, emblematic of that peace which was supposed to be the grandest possible effect of supreme power. His right hand held an image of victory formed of ivory and gold, with a crown on its head; his left a sceptre, brilliant with the splendour of all the metals, and "tranquil on its point" an eagle was perched; the tunic and sandals of the god were of gold; and figures of animals and lilies formed the design of the tunic, proclaiming the empire of Jupiter over the living globe. The god, though seated, touched with his head the dome of the Temple in which it was placed; and could we suppose him to have risen, must have pierced it.

Falconet accuses Phidias of having violated the laws of symmetry, by placing a figure of such stupendous magnitude in the midst of a Temple of such inadequate elevation. It is for cold minds to talk of violated proportion; let us rather be astonished at the amazing grandeur of the design, and acknowledged felicity of the execution. The ancients who saw this wonder admired it; and shall we, who can form but an imperfect notion of its merits, be severe in our decision? Can we tell what majesty the artist had thrown into this deity of Sculpture? Livy relates, that when Paulus Emilius went up to Olympia, he saw many admirable things; but on beholding the statue of Jupiter, he was struck with awe, as if in the presence of a God!

The Zoological Society's Garden.—A notice of a story in circulation in London, that the Society was indebted to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests for a grant of land, has led to a contradiction and explanation, with several statements of interest in relation to its history, from which we add some extracts. "No one can justly accuse the commissioners of making a gratuitous grant to a scientific society. Six years ago a few noblemen and gentlemen, feeling it a national dishonour that we had no public institution for the cultivation of the science of zoology, and incited, too, by the contemplation of the museum of the Jardin du Roi at Paris, determined to endeavour to found a society for this purpose, to combine a museum and menagerie. Having formed a small subscription, they obtained a grant of five acres of land in the Regent's park, at the fair and moderate rate of five guineas per acre. The small funds of the society were soon exhausted in laying out and draining this land, and it was then that the happy idea was suggested of opening the gardens to the public; but for this idea the

infant society might probably have failed, as it received no support from the Government. The interest excited by this public exhibition, and the numerous friends who came forward with presents of various kinds, rendered an increase of ground desirable, and here began the disasters of the society. The Commissioners of Woods and Forests have made successive detached grants of land, amounting in the whole to nearly 20 acres, including steep banks and useless declivities, for which they receive between 700*l.* and 800*l.* a-year, and which have required the inevitable expenditure of between 1,000*l.* and 5,000*l.* to make those grants of marshy land available for the purposes of the society by having them connected together. Once more, when land is let to builders or others at such a rate as 8*s.* a foot, it is usual not to demand the rent till the usufructory benefit commences; but when the society urged upon the commissioners the remission of the rent of 8*s.* per foot (amounting to nearly 400*l.*) till the land was laid out, and made available for the purposes of the society, the application was sent back with contempt, as not to be listened to for a moment. Thus has this society, instituted solely for scientific purposes, for the promotion of zoology, for which the resources of this country are unequalled, which, by a zeal unparalleled in this or any other country, raises by subscription among its members alone nearly 6,000*l.* per annum, so far from receiving that patronage from the government to which it might have been justly entitled, has actually paid to the government since its first establishment between 3,000*l.* and 4,000*l.*, and is saddled with a rent of nearly 800*l.* per annum. To the munificence of the King it is incalculably indebted; and the gratification it has afforded to the public is shown by the fact, that during the last year it was visited by nearly half a million of persons; and it is only from the additional income that they have received from this source that they have been able to meet the impositions arising from the munificent and disinterested patronage of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. To conclude, it is refreshing to look at the contrast afforded by the conduct of the present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. When the Dublin Zoological Society was established, he granted them 20 acres of land in the Phoenix Park, with a fine lake of water, not granted as this is, but rent free!

Tribute to Mr. Dunlap.—This is fixed for the 28th inst. at the Park Theatre. The Committee for arranging the entertainments of the evening, have selected the tragedy of "Venice Preserved"—Jaffier, Mr. Kemble; Pierre, Mr. Forrest; Belvidera, Miss Fanny Kemble. Mrs. Austin and several other distinguished vocalists and amateurs, will unite in a musical Olio, a suitable Address will be spoken by Mrs. Sharpe, and the entertainments will conclude with Mr. Dunlap's farce of "Napoleon in England," in which Messrs. Placide, Anderson, Simpson, Barry, Meslames Sharpe and Wheatley, will appear.

We are gratified that the profits of the dramatic exhibition are to be so well bestowed.

MARRIAGE OF THE KING OF NAPLES.

Never was a regal knot tied with a more chivalrous degree, first of secrecy, and next of promptitude and inostentation, than that which has just united the young King of Naples, who is on the eve of attaining his three and twentieth year, with Maria Christina, daughter of his late Sardinian Majesty, Victor Emmanuel, (and sister of the consort of the heir-apparent to the Crown of Austria, as well as of the Duchesses of Lucca and Modena,) who is at present in her one and twentieth year. The circumstances of the nuptials and their precursors are soon told. Whilst the youthful monarch was on his way, as a private gentleman, with two bosom friends, from Rome, the Principe di Scilla, as his plenipotentiary, who had already sued for the royal princess's hand in behalf of his master, landed at Genoa, and presented her highness with a portrait of her kingly suitor, which she accepted with every expression of her anxiety to become personally acquainted with the handsome original. On the same day the nuptial contract was duly executed in the presence of the betrothed, her mother, the queen-dowager of Sardinia, and the prince of Scilla, attended by the count della Torre, secretary of the foreign department at Turin, who enacted the part of notary to the crown, and, having read the contract aloud, attested its due execution in conjunction with the Comte de Feerere, the Marquis de Brignola, and the Chevalier Ofasco. Two days afterwards, namely on the 21st of last month, the arrival of their Sardinian Majesties and the Royal bridegroom put the finishing hand to this plain straitforward course of betrothal and marriage; the parties adjourned with their retinue, to the church of our Lady of the Holy Water, and returned from it under every rational prospect, which two hearts and two minds, eminently fitted to be associated through life, can afford of a happy future. The town was handsomely illuminated, and twelve maidens of the lower classes received modest dowries, on the occasion. The mercantile community erected a splendid triumphal arch in honour of it, on the 'Piazza del Banco,' and Romani gave homage to it with a fine cantate, which was given in the Teatro Carlo Felice. We are in daily expectation of the Marquis of Hertford. Lord Oxford has turned his horse's head in the direction of Pavia.—*Genoa*, Nov. 25.

Cholera at Nashville.—A letter, dated from this city, Jan. 31, says—"We have four or five deaths by Cholera daily, principally blacks, or subjects the most intemperate and abandoned."

Contradictory reports are in circulation relative to the reappearance of Cholera in Montreal: a majority of the Physicians deny it.

NAUTICAL DESCRIPTION OF A YOUNG LADY.

"One evening I was walking in the Plaza, when I saw a female a-head, who appeared to be the prettiest moulded little vessel that I ever cast my eyes on. I followed in her wake, and examined her; such a clean run I never beheld—so neat, too, in all her rigging—every thing so nicely stowed under hatches. And then she sailed along in such a style, at one moment lifting so lightly, just like a frigate, with her topsails on the caps, that can't help going along. At another time, as she turned a corner sharp in the wind—wake as straight as an arrow—no leeway. I made all sail to sheer along side of her, and when under her quarter, examined her close. Never saw such a fine swell in the counter, and all so trim—no ropes towing overboard. Well, I said to myself, '—it, if her figure-head and bows be finished off by the same builder, she's perfect.' So I shot a-head, and yawned a little—caught a peep at her through her veil, and saw two black eyes—as bright as beads, and as large as damsons. I saw quite enough, and not wishing to frighten her, I dropped astern. Shortly afterwards she altered her course, steering for that white house. Just as she was abreast of it, and I playing about her weather quarter, the priests came by in procession, taking the host to somebody who was dying. My little frigate lowered her topgallant sails out of respect, as other nations used to do, and ought now, and be—to them, whenever they pass the flag of old England—'How do you mean?' inquired I. '—mean that she spread her white handkerchief, which fluttered in her hand as she went along, and knelt down upon it on one knee. I did the same, because I was obliged to leave to, to keep my station.'"

Nullification.—We copy the following paragraphs from Charleston S. C. papers of the 1st and 2d inst. to show the first results of the Nullification Ordinance. To give the fairest view possible we take the accounts from the journals of both parties.

Federal Aggressions commenced.—We learn, that in pursuance of the orders of the Dictator at Washington, the British ship Roger Stewart, Capt. Kerr, from Greenock, and Spanish brig Hermoso Habanero, from Havana, have been brought to in the Roads by the U. S. Revenue force in the harbour.—This is the first act of the General Government, which, if followed up, must bring it in collision with us. It has been done at the very moment too, that a disposition has been manifested on the part of our people, to forbear until the end of the present session of Congress, under the hope, but scarcely with the expectation, that such relief would be granted to us as would at once settle all our differences. The course thus pursued by the President seems to evince a determination, that the controversy shall not end without a conflict.—*Post*.

"Yesterday, the birthday of practical Nullification, otherwise called the fatal first of February, was signalized by no other event of greater importance, than a somewhat more rigid enforcement than usual, of the revenue laws. The British ship Roger Stewart, from Greenock, and Spanish brig Hermoso Habanero, from Havana, were taken in charge by the U. S. Revenue force in our harbour, until the duties on the merchandise they contained, should be properly secured by the Government. This proceeding has been denounced, by an Evening Journal, as a 'Federal aggression,' and the first step towards a collision with the State authorities. So far from this being the case, the course pursued by the Collector on this occasion in compliance with his instructions, is in strict conformity with the provisions of the Act entitled 'An act to regulate the collection of duties on imports and tonnage,' passed the 2d of March 1799—an act, the validity or constitutionality of which has never been questioned. That this amounts to a 'Federal Aggression' can only be maintained by those who are anxious for some pretext to commence hostilities, or who agree with an ingenious Columbia Editor, that to enforce the revenue laws of the United States, is to commit Assault and Battery.—*Courier*.

Some excitement was produced here yesterday, in consequence of the detention by the Revenue Cutters, (and not by the sloop of war Natchez, as stated by the Mercury this morning,) of two vessels, the British ship Roger Stewart, from Greenock, and Sp. brig Hermosa Habanero, from Havana. The object of the detention was simply to secure the payment of the duties, under the state of things, being entirely new, produced by our Ordinance the consequent laws, which were intended to go into effect yesterday. We did not notice the circumstance yesterday, as we conceived that the detention would be only slight and temporary, and form no material impediment to the commerce of the place; and accordingly the Spanish vessel has entered and came up to town this morning. We understand that no difficulty will occur with regard to the ship Roger Stewart, and that she will be entered on Monday.—*Patriot*.

The First of February, the reader will recollect, was the day on which the South Carolina Ordinance was to take effect. We have no information from Charleston later than that day. From Columbia, the seat of Government of the State, we have seen a letter which states, that on the preceding evening, the students of the College in that place formed a procession at about eight o'clock, and marched through the Main street with an effigy of Gen. Jackson, with a label "Andrew the First" on its head, and the Executive Messages in its hand. "They bore it to the front of 'The Hive' office, (a Union paper) and there burnt and shot it. "So ended with us Nullification the first day," says the writer.—*Nat. Intel.*

MISCELLANY.

SCANDINAVIAN LOVE SONG.

Bright maiden of Orkney,
Star of the blue sea!
I've swept o'er the waters
To gaze upon thee;
I've left spoil and slaughter,
I've left a far strand,
To sing how I love thee,
To kiss thy small hand!
Fair daughter of Einar,
Golden-haired maid!
The lord of yon brown bark,
And lord of this blade;
The joy of the ocean—
Of warfare and wind,
Hath bound him to woo thee,
And thou must be kind. Motherwell.

A DAY WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Extensively as notices and recollections of the departed Genius of Scotland have occupied the columns of the *Atlas*, we cannot, we are sure, employ our space more acceptably to the reader, than in laying before him further anecdotes bearing the impress of his mind. Some such we now subjoin—related by a correspondent of Mr. Campbell's Magazine, who had the good fortune to spend a day in the company of Sir Walter, (then Mr. Scott) at Jedburgh. He first describes a visit to a gentleman in a gloomy state of mind, residing in a mansion where Mary, Queen of Scots, had once been a resident, and where various ancient curiosities were to be seen.

"Among the antiquities shown, there was Claverhouse's pistol, which had been found in his grasp on the field of Killcrankie. I narrowly watched the Great Unknown, as he critically inspected the weapon that had been handled on many a dire occasion by the chivalrous and bloody Clavering. When he returned it to the owner, he said something studiously general about the oppressor and his victims. But this assumed equanimity was broken by the gentleman again handing it back, and adding, as it seemed, on a second thought:—'Let me beg, Mr. Scott, that you will accept of this pistol from me, that it may be kept in your museum, a much fitter place than this for it.' 'No, by no means,' was the answer: 'no doubt I pretend to be a bit of an antiquarian, but I hate to be like a beggar.' Upon this, the other party repeated his desire, and said, 'It is you who should be the custos of Claverhouse's pistol, and you will oblige me by accepting of it.' 'Well, then,' Scott replied, whilst his visage betrayed conviction, and it might be pride, 'I do accept of your very precious gift, but only on this condition, that you will at an early date come and spend with me at Abbotsford a fortnight, and see whatever I have that is worthy to be seen.' The invitation was sometime afterwards accepted.

After we took our leave, Scott said in his charming manner, 'However much I may think of old swords, pistols, and the like, I would rather lose all that I have of the kind, than an opportunity of doing a good turn, that may be highly serviceable to such a rare man, as I understand that gentleman to be: and who knows but I may be the means of weaning him from his brooding melancholy?'

Where we dined, our hostess informed Scott of the narrow escape of a young lady in the neighborhood who had been pursued by an angry bull, and who had not yet recovered from a serious illness brought on through her terrible fright. 'And was ye believe it?' added she, 'her hair has already grown grey, and it is thought will become white in another week, if it gangs on as it has done.' This aroused the then Great Unknown, and led him into a train of discourse, and to narrate a series of anecdotes in his most felicitous style. Probably he was the most entertaining and instructive man in his conversation that was ever listened to. It was plain, free, and without parade; but apt, rich, and infinitely diversified: abounding with remarkable knowledge, surpassing wisdom, and benevolence. The soundness of his judgment, or of his common sense, was so predominating, and there was in all his views such a manliness, such a breadth, strength, and wealth, as to render him positively mighty.

It has often been said that Scott's ordinary discourse was of the same order as the best parts of his tales. The fact is, though the doctrines and principles he profusely laid down were the most familiar, he garnished them with such a variety of affecting and faithful pictures of real life, in the shape of anecdotes and illustrations, that the plainest truth was personified, and made to live in one's recollection: it was presented not only as it was, but its features were seen in their most striking character by his admirable disposition of an appropriate, voluminous, and imposing drapery.

I remember a considerable portion of his conversation on the day I met him at Jedburgh, and now attempt to give it, though it must fall short of his style, through the fallaciousness of my memory, the dullness of my conceptions, and a much less happy phraseology. Nevertheless, if I can convey anything like an image of him in his familiar hours, it will fully support the testimony I have borne to his character. At the outset, however, let those who never saw him picture a man unambitious in dress and bearing, with shaggy, heavy brows, and fleshy cheeks; with a countenance where dwelt in his most abstracted moments, a quiet expression of benevolence, which, when he spoke, awakened into the most powerful and varied effect: the very movement of his brow being in unison with the tide of sentiments that passed from him. Let them imagine a voice bearing a burr, that added a characteristic energy to his language, and then listen to

his discourse itself, which promised to be best when thus introduced—that puts me in mind of a curious story.

On hearing the account of the young lady's escape from the terrible bull, and the effects of her alarm, he said, 'I can readily credit that one's hair may, through a dreadful fright, grow grey, and that too, as we read in romances, in one brief hour. But speaking of a mischievous bull, puts me in mind of a similar case, which I myself witnessed, many years ago, in Edinburgh. I was proceeding from the old to the new town, by the earthen mound, at the head of which I was led for a few minutes to look at a bull that had got into an enclosure there, after the unmerciful butcher lads had driven it fairly mad. The crowd that gathered on the outside of the fence increased the brute's fierceness. At last they began to cast ropes over its horns and around its neck, thereby to pull it to a stronghold, that it might be slain in the place where it was, which drove it to its most desperate fury. Its eyes now glared madness, there were handfuls of foam flying from its mouth, with its fore feet it pawed the ground, throwing lumps of earth as high as the adjoining houses, and it bellowed so as to make one quake. It was any thing but an agreeable sight, so I moved away homewards. But before I got to the foot of the mound, an alarming shout caused me to look back, when I perceived the animal at no great distance behind me, coming on with all its rage. I had just time to spring to the top of the wall that lined the footpath, and to behold its future progress.

I shudder to this hour when I think of what immediately I saw. Among the people that were near me and in jeopardy, was a young lady, and as you have said, she wore a red mantle, which is a very offensive colour to many of the brute creation. As I did, she also made for the wall, but had neither time nor strength to gain its top, ere the infuriated animal drove towards her. She turned her back however, to the inaccessible eminence, as if to see the full extent of her fate, and then stood as nailed to it, save only her arms, which she threw aloft in her despair, which would indeed have been as fragile in defence as a rotten reed. Her tender body would have been nothing against a force that could have broken bars of brass, and horns that might have transixed an animal of its own size. As I have said, directly towards the unprotected young lady the bull drove forward: with intent eye he came on, he mistook his mark not an inch: for, as the multitude behind him yelled their horror, he dashed with prodigious strength and madness against her.

Was it not a miracle that the dear young woman escaped unhurt and untouched? Yet it is true: for the terrific animal struck at her so accurately, that a horn smote the dead wall on either hand, thus embracing, but from their great length, shielding her person from even the slightest damage. But the staunch wall withstood the tremendous thrust, and sent back with rebounding force, to a great distance, the huge and terrible brute, throwing him prostrate, never to rise again: for numberless destructive weapons were plunged into him before he had time to recover from the recoil. Whether the lady's hair changed colour I never heard; but some wonderful alteration might well be conceived to testify the extent of her petrified despair.

I remember another story about a bull chase, and the catastrophe that befel my friend the Laird of —, as described to me by himself. The creature was a favourite, which he intended to exhibit at a competition of cattle, and which had a character for remarkable docility and good nature; attributes which the laird proclaimed, that all who meant to breed a fine dairy stock might be apprised where an excellent parentage was to be found. For every dairyman knows the value of a kindly tempered cow, not only as regards guiding and handling, but in the article of milk. Among the Dunlop cheese-makers, it is a beautiful sight, that of the milk-maid, when the milking hour comes, standing at the gate of the enclosure where the herd are grazing, and ruminating, and enticing them home to her, by merely chanting—'Pretty ladies! pretty ladies!' As they approach her, she has a name for each, and a liking, according to their several merits, whilst they court her approbation, by submitting to the hand that is held out. The laird had been among his cattle on the occasion referred to, and was returning from them, at a pace suited to his bandy legs and rotund corpus, when he was advertised of something extraordinary being in the wind, by a crooning at no great distance behind. This was no other than the voice of his favourite bull making decidedly to address him. 'Naebody can tell,' said the laird, 'what crotchets a bull beast may tak' into his head in the dog days;' so he hobbled off the best way that he could to a stone fence which was at hand.

Breathless he gained the dyke, and attempted to clear it at a vault. But it was vain without the aid of science, therefore he had to lay hold of the top with his hands, and endeavour to arrive at a proper pitch of elasticity ere he could accomplish the feat. This he hoped for through the subservience of his legs: springing up and dropping down his body, thus to progress in his practice. But, alas! the animal, just at the critical point of time when the laird ejaculated, 'Here for it!' unceremoniously lent him a heavy slap behind: which impetus so much surpassed the worthy man's expectations and arrangements, that it drove him heels over head to the safe side of the fence, into an ugly pond of stagnant water. On hearing the laird relate this story, I said it was a mercy that his bull had so considerably watched the moment when he could advantageously volunteer his rough aid. But he would not admit that there was any kindness or

discretion in such a coarse customer, for that he felt the effect of the attack for many a long day, which was less than agreeable. I next presumed that the docile creature had not by this one misdeed entirely forfeited his master's good will. And the choleric man answered, 'I decided him: for as soon as I was able to hirpie lame, I took my rifle and shot him as dead as a door nail, to teach him manners.'

'I marvel,' quoth our hostess, 'how you can carry in your head a' the stories ye write and tell, Mr. Scott. Ye're an unco man.' 'My dear madam,' answered he, 'I hardly know what it is to let anything slip that I have once fairly got hold of.' 'I weel believe it,' she again said, 'but ye have na told whither the laird's hair was affected by his fright.' 'Why, I believe, it continued as it had been for many years, which was white; but,' proceeded he, 'I'll tell you a curious story about a fright I myself got, that may convey some information regarding the sympathies of one's hair with the affections of the mind.'

It happened several years ago, when I was traversing the Highlands, along with a much beloved, but now departed friend; one of the true men of the old school; one who was rich in classical and legendary lore, but still more in sterling and moral virtues. For it has been my lot to possess friends and companions from whom I was ever gaining, till my store has become somewhat bulky. Alas! there are so many deserters from the corps by this time, who shall no more return, that I wish to cherish the persuasion, that to be gone and be with them, will be far better. My friend and I were among the thickly strewn mountains and ragged rocks of the wildest branch of the Highlands, where there is a remarkable natural ravine, which we visited and explored. It is, rather than a ravine, a fearful pit or dungeon, descending deep among the yawning rocks. It is as if a volcano had boiled there, but in course of time spouted out all its lava, forming strange adjacent peaks all around; thus leaving the furnace or crater dry and empty. It is a terrific throat wide open, on the very edge of which one may stand and look down to the very bottom.

There is a mode of descent into its depths which visitors may command. This is by means of rope and windlass, as it were into a coal pit, which are fixed and worked from a prominent brow of the highest frowning peak. To the main rope a machine is attached, called a cradle, by four shorter cords, that tie to its distinct corners. He that descends takes his stand or seat in the cradle, within the stretch of the four diverging cords that meet above his head. A rough old Highlander presided at the windlass, who appointed my friend first to go down. Ere the cradle came up for me again, a presentiment of some horrid accident about to happen to one of us began to take hold of my nature, and I could not resist inquiring if all was right with my friend below. 'Hoo, surely,' was the answer. 'And the cradle will be for you in a minute: ye are as heavy as twa o' him.' 'Is the rope frail?' 'No very rotten aw; the last one was rottener afore it brak, an' let a man fa!,' was the alarming reply. 'Was he killed, say you?' 'Killed!' though he had had a hundred lives, he had been killed; he was smashed to pieces down on yonder jagged rock,' quoth the hard-hearted Celt. I now examined the rope, and it appeared much worn, and to be old. 'How old is it?' inquired I: 'Just five years auld: the last was a month aulder afore it brak,' was his next piece of tantalizing information. With some irritation of manner I put it to him, why a new one had not been provided before any risk could attend a descent; and to make things worse, he provokingly announced, 'We are to get a new one the morn; ye'll likely be the last to try the auld.'

But already the cradle waited for me to step into it: I could not disappoint my companion by not doing as he did; and ashamed to seem to hesitate before the hardy Highlander, at once I took my seat. It was perhaps to encourage me, that he said, as he let me off, 'A far heavier man than you gaed down yesterday.' 'Then he strained the rope,' cried I; but it was too late to return, and after all I got safe down. The sun shone brightly, and made every intricacy, even in the deep crater, clear and open to the eye. The floor might allow a hundred and fifty people to stand on it at once; and consists of a fine sand that sparkles with pebbles, which have dropt from the surrounding and impending rocks. The face of these rocks is also gemmed by thousands of the same sort, that glittered beautifully to the sun-beam: all which has naturally suggested the idea of a work of enchantment, for it is called the Fairy's Palace. But I confess, though a palace, it had few attractions for me: for besides the disheartening the Highlander filled me with, ere my descent, my friend, now that I was down, though without any mischievous intent, crowned my fears, by giving, with startling effect, the following narrative. 'A young man once ascended from this, but when he came to the top, he incautiously stood bolt upright in the cradle, and then a moment ere it was landed, being impatient to get out of it, he made an adventurous leap for the breast of the rock. But the cradle being still pendant in the air, without a stay, fled back on the impulse of his spring, and fearful to think, let him fall between it and the landing place.' 'Horrible! most horrible!' was my natural exclamation. 'But,' continued my friend, 'keep ye your seat in the cradle till it be firmly landed on the rock, and all will be safe.' He ascended, and I prepared to follow.

I thought of the young man's leap and fall: I figured to myself the spot where he alighted, and the rebound he made when he met the ground, never more to rise. And as I took my seat, my limbs smote one another, and my teeth chattered with terror. When

I had descended I kept my eyes bent downwards, and was encouraged the nearer I got to the bottom. But on my ascent, though I looked all the while upwards, I was tremblingly alive to the fact, that I was ever getting into higher danger. I held the spread cords as with the gripe of death, never moving my eyes from the blackened creaking main rope. 'There! there it goes!' I gasped the words: for did I not first see one ply of the triple-twisted line snap asunder as it happened to touch a pointed piece of granite? And when once cut and liberated, did the ply not untwist and curl away from its coils? Did I not see another ply immediately follow in the same manner, leaving my life to the last brittle thread, which also began to grow attenuated, and to draw so fine, that it could not long have borne its own weight? I was speechless: the world whirled round, I became sightless, and when within one short foot of being landed, I fell!—I fell into the grasp of my friend, who seeing me about to tumble out of the cradle from stupor, opportunely snatched and swung me, cradle and all, upon the rock. When strength returned I ran from the edge of the precipice, still in the utmost trepidation, shaking fearfully, and giving unintelligible utterance to the agony of my awe-struck soul. And if my hair did not undergo an immediate change of colour, I was not without such an apprehension: for certainly it stood on end during my ascent from the floor of the Fairy's Palace.'

CAPTURE OF VARNA.

"When the first news of the capture of Varna reached Warsaw, a German trader ventured to doubt its truth, in a large coffee-house, where the company were discussing on the subject, and said that it wanted confirmation. He was scarcely out of his bed the next morning when a police-officer came into his room without ceremony, and informed him that the grand duke wanted to see him. 'Why—what—' exclaimed the terrified German, 'what have I done?' 'You will soon know,' replied the satellite. With unpleasant forebodings the poor man arrayed himself in his best, and obeyed the summons. 'So,' says Constantine to him, 'you do not believe that the emperor's army has taken Varna—what do you know about Varna that makes you doubt of its fall?' 'Please your highness, I am a poor ignorant man;—I merely thought—' 'You thought; then, sir, you must learn to think right.' 'Pardon, your highness—I meant no harm.' 'There is no harm done: do not be afraid. Hold!' continued Constantine, seeing the German about to prostrate himself—'a courier is this moment going to Varna, you will go in his kibitka and clear up your doubts.' Away they go, click clack, day and night—the poor German in a mortal fright, under the idea that he is on the road to Siberia. They arrive at Varna, and the courier addresses his companion for the first time since they left Warsaw. 'Sir, this town is Varna; you will have the goodness to put the question to any body you like, and convince yourself. Now, sir, you see these troops—look at them well—examine the uniforms. Are you satisfied that they are Russian troops?' 'I am perfectly satisfied,' answered the German. 'Then, sir,' replied his companion, 'you have no further business here. In a quarter of an hour another courier will start for Warsaw; you will return in his kibitka, and report yourself to the grand duke.' Away he goes again, jolt, jolt, in fear of dislocating half his bones, for being free, this journey, from mental anxiety about Siberia, he had leisure to observe that he was made of flesh and nerves. Constantine welcomed him with a horse-laugh. 'Now,' he said, 'you will go to that café where you were the last evening you were in Warsaw, and acquaint the company that the Russians are in Varna.'—*Slade's Travels.*

From the *Atlas*.

THE TEMPEST IN CUBA.

Some extracts from "Tom Cringle's Log," contained in the *Atlas* of the 12th ult., were closed with the death scene of Maria Olivera, which took place just as a tempest was bursting on the mansion. We select and abridge, from a continuation of the narrative, several other interesting portions.

"By this time the storm had increased most fearfully, and as Don Ricardo, Aaron, and myself sat in the dark damp corner of the large gloomy hall, we could scarcely see each other, for the lightning had now ceased, and the darkness was so thick, that had it not been for the light from the large funeral was tapers, which had been instantly lit upon poor Maria's death, in the room where she lay, that streamed through the open door, we should have been unable to see our very fingers before us.

'What is that?' said Campana; 'heard you nothing, gentlemen?'

In the lull of the rain and the blast, the same low cry was heard which had startled me by Maria's bedside, and occasioned the sudden and fatal exertion which had been the cause of the bursting out afresh of the bloodvessel.

'Why,' said I, 'it is little more than three o'clock in the afternoon yet, dark as it is; let us sally out, Mr. Bang, for I verily believe, that the holla we have heard is my Captain's voice, and, if I conjecture rightly, he must have arrived at the other side of the river, probably with the Doctor.'

'Why, Tom,' quoth Aaron, 'it is only three in the afternoon, as you say, although by the sky I could almost vouch for its being midnight,—but I don't like that shouting—Did you ever read of a water-kelpie Don Richy?'

'Poo, poo, nonsense,' said the Don; 'Mr. Cringle is, I fear, right enough.' At this moment the wind

thundered at the door and window shutters, and howled amongst the neighbouring trees and round the roof, as if it would have blown the house down on our devoted heads. The cry was again heard, during a momentary pause.

'Zounds!' said Bang, it is the skipper's voice, as sure as fate—he must be in danger—let us go and see, Tom.'

'Take me with you,' said Campana,—the foremost always when any good deed was to be done,—and, in place of clapping on his great coat to meet the storm, to our utterable surprise, he began to disrobe himself, all to his trowsers and large straw hat. He then called one of the servants, 'trac me un lasso.' The lasso, a long thong of plaited hide, was forthwith brought; he coiled it up in his left hand. 'Now, Pedro,' said he to the negro servant who had fetched it, (a tall strapping fellow,) 'you and Gaspar follow me. Gentlemen, are you ready?' Gaspar appeared, properly accoutred, with a long pole in one hand, and a thong similar to Don Ricardo's in the other, he as well as his comrade being stark naked all to their waistscloths. 'Ah, well done, my sons,' said Don Ricardo, as both the negroes prepared to follow their master. So off we started to the door, although we heard the tormenta raging without with appalling fury. Bang undid the latch, and the next moment he was flat on his back, the large leaf having flown open with tremendous violence, capsizing him like an infant.

The Padre from the inner chamber, came to our assistance, and by our joint exertions we at length got the door to again and barricaded, after which we made our exit from the lee-side of the house by a window. Under other circumstances, it would have difficult to refrain from laughing at the appearance we made. We were all drenched in an instant after we left the shelter of the house, and there was old Campana, naked to the waist, with his large sombrero and long pigtail hanging down his back, like a mandarin of twenty buttons. Next followed his two black assistants, naked as I have described them, all three with their coils of rope in their hands, like a hangman and his deputies; then advanced friend Bang and myself, without our coats or hats, with handkerchiefs tied round our heads, and our bodies bent down so as to stem the gale as strongly as we could.

But the planting attorney, a great schemer, a kind of Will Wimple in his way, had thought fit, of all things in the world, to bring his umbrella, which the wind, as might have been expected, reversed most unceremoniously the moment he attempted to hoist it, and tore it from the staff, so that, on the impulse of the moment, he had to clutch the flying red silk and thrust his head through the centre, where the stick stood, as if he had been some curious flower. As we turned the corner of the house, the full force of the storm met us right in the teeth, when fall flew Don Ricardo's hat past us; but the two blackamores had taken the precaution to strap each of their down with a strong grass lanyard. We continued to work to windward, while every now and then the halo came past us on the gale louder and louder, until it guided us to the fording which we had crossed on our first arrival. We stopped there,—the red torrent was rushing tumultuously past us, but we saw nothing save a few wet and shivering negroes on the opposite side, who had sheltered themselves under a cliff, and were busily employed in attempting to light a fire.—The hallooing continued. 'Why, what can be wrong?' at length said Don Ricardo, and he shouted to the people on the opposite side.

He might as well have spared his breath, for, although they saw his gestures and motion of his lips, they too more heard him than we did them, as they very considerably in return made mouths at us, belovowing no doubt that they could not hear us.

'Don Ricardo—Don Ricardo!' at this crisis sung out Gaspar, who had clambered up the rock, to have a peep about him.—'Arc Maria—Down in the valley about a quarter a league, I see two men on a rock, in the middle of the stream; the wind is in that direction, it must have been them we heard.'

'God be gracious to us! true enough—true enough, let us go to them then—my children.' And we all again cantered off after the excellent Don Ricardo. But before we could reach the spot, we had to make a detour, and come down upon it from the precipitous brow of the beetling cliff above, for there was no beach nor shore to the swollen river, which here was very deep, and surged, rushing under the hollow bank with comparatively little noise, which was the reason why we heard the cry so distinctly.

The unfortunates who were in peril, whoever they might be, seemed to comprehend our motions, for one of them held out a white handkerchief, which I immediately answered by a similar signal, when the shouting ceased, until, guided by the negroes, we reached the verge of the cliff, and looked down from the red crumbling bank on the foaming water, as it swept past beneath. It was here about thirty yards broad, divided by a rocky wedgelike islet, on which grew a profusion of dark bushes and one large tree, whose topmost branches were on a level with us where we stood. This tree was divided, about twelve feet from the root, into two limbs, in the fork of which sat, like a big monkey, no less a personage than Captain N—himself, wet and dripping, with his clothes besmeared with mud, and shivering with cold. At the foot of the tree sat in rueful mood, a small antique sea sort of a man in a coat which had been blue silk, wearing breeches the original colour of which no man could tell, and without his wig, his clear bald pate shining amidst the surrounding desolation like an ostrich's egg. Besides these worthies stood two trem-

bling way-worn mules with drooping heads, their long ears hanging down most disconsolately. The moment we came in sight, the skipper hailed us.

'Why, I am hoarse with bawling, Don Ricardo, but here am I and el Doctor Pavo Real, in as sorry a plight as any two gentlemen need be. On attempting the ford two hours ago, blackheads as we were—beg pardon Don Pavo—the Doctor bowed, and grinned like a baboon—we had nearly been drowned entirely, had we not brought up on this island of Barataria here. But how is the young lady tell me that,' said the excellent-hearted fellow, even in the midst of his own danger.

'Mind yourself my beautiful child,' cried Bang.

'How are we to get you on terra firma?' 'Poo—in the easiest way possible,' rejoined he, with true seaman-like self-possession. 'I see you have ropes—Tom Cringle heave me the end of the line which Don Ricardo carries, will you?'

'No, no—I can do that myself,' said Don Ricardo, and with a swing he hoisted the leathern noose at the skipper, and whipped it over his neck in a twinkling. The Scotch Spaniard, I saw, was pluming himself on his skill, but N—was up to him, for in an instant he dropped out of it, while in slipping through he let it fall over a broken limb of the tree.

'Such an eel—such an eel!' shouted the attendant negroes, both expert hands with the lasso themselves.

'Now, Don Ricardo, since I am not to be had, make your end of the thong fast round that large stone there,' Campana did so. 'Ah, that will do.' And so saying, the skipper warped himself to the top of the cliff with great agility. He was no sooner in safety himself, however, than the idea of having left the poor doctor in peril flashed on him.

'I must return—I must return! If the river rises, the body will be drowned out and out.'

And notwithstanding our entreaties, he did return as he came, and descending the tree, began apparently to argue with the little Medico, and to endeavor to persuade him to ascend, and make his escape as the Captain himself had done; but it would not do.—'Pavo Real—as brave a little man as ever was seen—made many salutes and obeisances, but move he would not. He shook his head repeatedly, in a very solemn way, as if he had said, 'My very excellent friends, I am much obliged to you, but it is impossible; my dignity would be compromised by such a proceeding.'

Presently N—appeared to wax very emphatic, and pointed to a pinnacle of limestone rock, which had stood out like a small steepie above the surface of the flashing, dark red eddies, when we first arrived on the spot, but now only stopped the water with a loud gurgle, the top rising and disappearing as the stream surged past, like a buoy juggling in a tide way. The small man shook his head, but the water now rose so rapidly, that there was scarcely dry standing room for the two poor devils of mules, while the Doctor and the skipper had the greatest difficulty in finding a footing for themselves.

Time and circumstances began to press, and N—, after another unavailing attempt to persuade the Doctor, began apparently to rouse himself, and muster his energies. He first drove the mules forcibly into the stream at the side opposite where we stood, which was the deepest water, and least broken by rocks and stones, and we had the pleasure to see them scramble out safe and sound; he then put his hands to his mouth, and hailed us to throw him a rope—it was done—he caught it, and then by a significant gesture to Campana, gave him to understand that now was the time. The Don, comprehending him, hoisted his noose with great precision, right over the little doctor's head, and before he recovered from his surprise, the Captain slipped it under his arms, and signed to haul taught, while the Medico kicked, and spurred, and backed like a restive horse. At one and the same moment, N—made fast a guy round his waist, and we hoisted away, while he hauled on the other line, so that we landed the Lilliputian Esculapius safe on the top of the bank, with the wind nearly out of his body from his violent exertions, and the running of the noose.

It was now the work of a moment for the Captain to ascend the tree and again warp himself ashore, when he set himself to apologize with all his might and main, pleading strong necessity; and having succeeded in pacifying the offended dignity of the Doctor, we turned towards the house.

'Look out there,' sung out Campana, sharply. Time indeed, thought I, for right a-head of us, as if an invisible gigantic ploughshare had passed over the woods, a valley or chasm was suddenly opened down the hill side with a noise like thunder, and branches and whole limbs of trees were instantly torn away, and tossed into the air like straws. 'Down on your noses, my fine fellows,' cried the skipper. We were all flat in an instant except the Medico, the stubborn little brute, who stood until the tornado reached him, when in a twinkling he was cast on his back, with a violence, as I thought, to have driven his breath for ever and aye out of his body. While we lay we heard all kinds of things hurtle past us through the air, pieces of timber, branches of trees, coffee bushes, and even stones.—Presently it lulled again, and we got upright to look round us.

'How will the old house stand all this, Don Ricardo?' said the drenched skipper. He had to shout to be heard. The Don was too busy to answer, but once more strode on towards the dwelling, as if he expected something even worse than we had experienced to be still awaiting us. By the time we reached it, it was full of negroes, men, women, and children, whose huts had already been destroyed, poor, drenched, miserable devils, with scarcely any clothing; and to

crown our comfort, we found the roof leaking in many places. By this time the night began to fall, and our prospects were far from flattering. The rain had entirely ceased, nor was there any lightning, but the storm was most tremendous, blowing in gusts, and veering round from east to north with the speed of thought. The force of the gale, however, gradually declined, until the wind subsided altogether, and every thing was still. The low murmured conversation of the poor negroes who environed us, was heard distinctly; the hard breathings of the sleeping children could even be distinguished. But I was by no means sure that the hurricane was over, and Don Ricardo and the rest seemed to think as I did, for there was not a word interchanged between us for some time.

'Do you hear that?' at length said Aaron Bang, as a low moaning sound rose wailing into the night air. It approached and grew louder.

'The voice of the approaching tempest amongst the higher branches of the trees,' said the Captain. The rushing noise overhead increased, but still all was so calm where we sat, that you could have heard a pin drop. Poo, thought I, it has passed over us after all—no fear now, when one reflects how completely sheltered we are. Suddenly, however, the lights in the room where the body lay were blown out, and the roof groaned and creaked as it had been the bulkheads of a ship in a tempestuous sea.

'We shall have to cut and run from this anchorage presently, after all,' said I; 'the house will never hold on till morning.'

The words were scarcely out of my mouth, when, as if a thunderbolt had struck it, one of the windows in the hall was driven in with a roar, as if the Falls of Niagara had been pouring overhead, and the tempest having thus forced an entrance, the roof of that part of the house where we sat was blown up, as if by gunpowder—ay, in the twinkling of an eye; and there we were with the bare walls, and the angry heaven overhead, and the rain descending in bucketfuls. Fortunately, two large joists or couplings, being deeply embedded in the substance of the walls, remained, when the rafters and ridge-pole were torn away, or we must have been crushed in the ruins.

There was again a deathlike lull, the wind fell to a small melancholy sigh amongst the tree-tops, but as before, where we sat, there was not a breath stirring. So complete was the calm now, that after a light had been struck, and placed on the floor in the middle of the room, shewing the surrounding group of shivering half naked savages, with fearful distinctness, the flame shot up straight as an arrow, clear and bright, although we heard the distant roar of the storm as it rushed over the mountain above us.

This unexpected stillness frightened the women more than the fierceness of the gale at the loudest had done.

'We must go forth,' said Senora Campana; 'the elements are only gathering themselves for a more dreadful hurricane than what we have already experienced. We must go forth to the little chapel in the wood, or the next burst may, and will bury us under the walls; and she moved towards Maria's room, where, by this time, lights had again been placed.—'We must move the body,' we could hear her say; 'we must all proceed to the chapel; in a few minutes the storm will be raging again as loud as ever.'

'And my wife is very right,' said I on Ricardo; 'so, Gaspar, call the other people; have some mats, and quates, and mattresses carried down to the chapel, and we shall all remove, for, with half of the roof gone, it is but tempting the Almighty to remain here longer.'

MARIA'S FUNERAL.

The word was passed, and we were soon under weigh, four negroes leading the van, carrying the unconscious body of the poor girl on a sofa; while two servants, with large splinters of a sort of resinous wood for flambeaux, walked by the side of it. Next followed the women of the family, covered up with all the cloaks and spare garments that could be collected; then Don Picador Cangrejo, with Ricardo Campana, the skipper, Aaron Bang, and myself; the procession being closed by the household negroes, with more lights, which all burned steadily and clear.

We descended through a magnificent natural avenue of lofty trees (whose brown moss-grown trunks and fantastic boughs were strongly lit up by the blaze of the resinous torches; and the fresh white splinter marks where the branches had been torn off by the storm, glanced bright and clear, and the rain drops on the dark leaves sparkled like diamonds) towards the river, along whose brink the brimful red-foaming waters rushed past us, close by the edge of the path. After walking about four hundred yards, we came to a small but massive chapel, fronting the river, the back part resting against a rocky bank, with two superb cypress trees growing, one on each side of the door; we entered, Padre Carera leading the way. The whole area of the interior of the building did not exceed a parallelogram of twenty feet by twelve. At the eastern end, fronting the door, there was a small altar-piece of hard wood, richly ornamented with silver, and there was one or two bare wooden benches standing on the tiled floor; but the chief security we had that the building would withstand the storm, consisted in its having no window or aperture whatsoever, excepting two small ports, one on each side of the altar piece, and the door, which was a massive frame of hard wood planking. The body was deposited at the foot of the altar, and the ladies having been wrapped up in cloaks and blankets, were safely lodged in quates, while we, the gentlemen of the comfortless party, seated ourselves, disconsolately enough, on the wooden benches.

The door was made fast, after the servants had kindled a blazing wood-fire on the floor; and although the flickering light cast by the wax tapers in the six large silver candlesticks which were planted beside the bier, as it blended with the red glare of the fire, and fell strong on the pale uncovered features of the corpse, and on the anxious faces of the women, was often startling enough, yet being conscious of a certain degree of security, from the thickness of the walls, we made up our minds, as well as we could, to spend the night where we were.

[Towards morning they all fell asleep—but at an early hour Mr. C. was awake by Bang, who had risen and looked out the door, and thus addressed him:]

'I say, Cringle, look here—the Padre and the servants are digging a grave close to the chapel—are they going to bury the poor girl so suddenly?'

I stepped to the door, the wind had entirely fallen—but the rain fell fast—the small chapel door looked out on the still swollen, but subsiding river, and beyond that on the mountain, which rose abruptly from the opposite bank. On the side of the hill was situated a negro village, of about thirty huts, where lights were already twinkling, as if the inmates were preparing to go forth to their work. Far above them, on the ridge, there was a clear cold streak towards the east, against which the outline of the mountain, and the large trees which grew on it, were sharply cut out; but overhead, the firmament was as yet dark and threatening. The morning star had just risen, and was sparkling bright and clear through the branches of a magnificent tree, that shot out from the highest part of the hill; it seemed to have attracted the Captain's attention as well as mine. 'Were I romantic now, Mr. Cringle, I could expatiate on that view. How cold, and clear, and chaste, every thing looks! The elements have subsided into a perfect calm, every thing is quiet and still, but there is no warmth, no comfort in the scene. 'What a soaking rain!' said Aaron Bang; 'why, the drops are as small as pin points, and so thick!—a Scotch mist is a joke to them. Unusual all this, Captain.'

'Mr. Cringle,' said the skipper, 'do you mark that tree on the ridge of the mountain, that large tree in such conspicuous relief against the eastern sky?' 'Yes, do, Captain. But—heaven help us!—what necromancy is this! It seems to sink into the mountain top—why, I only see the uppermost branches now. It has disappeared, and yet the outline of the hill is as distinct and well defined as ever; I can even see the cattle on the ridge, although they are running about in a very incomprehensible way certainly.' 'Hush!' said Don Ricardo, 'hush!—the Padre is reading the funeral service in the chapel, preparatory to the body being brought out.'

And so he was. But a low grumbling noise, gradually increasing, was now distinctly audible. The monk hurried on with the prescribed form—he finished it—and we were about lifting the body to carry it forth—Bang and I being in the very act of stooping down to lift the bier, when the Captain sung out sharp and quick:—'Here, Tom!'—the urgency of the appeal abolishing the *Miserere*—'Here!—zounds, the whole hill side is in motion!' And as he spoke I beheld the negro village, that hung on the opposite bank, gradually fetch way, houses, trees, and all, with a loud, harsh, grating sound. 'God defend us!' I involuntarily exclaimed. 'Stand clear,' shouted the skipper; 'the whole hillside opposite is under weigh, and we shall be bothered here presently.'

He was right—the entire face of the hill over against us was by this time in motion, sliding over the substratum of rock like a first-rate gliding along the well-greased ways at launching—an earthy avalanche. Presently the rough, rattling, and crashing sound, from the disruption of the soil, and the breaking of the branches, and tearing up by the roots of the largest trees, gave warning of some tremendous incident. The lights in the huts still burned, but houses and all continued to slide down the declivity; and anon a loud startled exclamation was heard here and there, and then a pause, but the low mysterious hurtling sound never ceased.

At length a loud and continuous yell echoed along the hill-side. The noise increased—the rushing sound came stronger and stronger—the river rose higher, and roared louder; it overleaped the lintel of the door—the fire on the floor hissed for a moment, and then expired in smouldering wreaths of white smoke—the discoloured torrent gurgled into the chapel and reached the altar piece; and while the cries from the hill-side were highest, and bitterest, and most despairing, it suddenly filled the chapel to the top of the low doopost; and although the large tapers which had been lit near the altar-piece were as yet unextinguished, like meteors sparkling on a troubled sea, all was misery and consternation. 'Have patience, and be composed, now,' shouted Don Ricardo. 'If it increases, we can escape through the apertures here, behind the altar-piece, and from thence to the high ground beyond. The heavy rain has loosened the soil on the opposite bank, and it has slid into the river-course, negro houses and all. But be composed, my dears—nothing supernatural in all this; and rest assured, although the river has unquestionably been forced from its channel, that there is no danger, if you will only maintain your self-possession.'

[With some difficulty they all made their escape in the way proposed, and stood on the high bank behind the chapel. The story proceeds.]

We had not been a minute there, when the rushing of the stream increased—the rain once more fell in torrents—several large trees came down with a fearful impetus in the roaring torrent, and struck the corner of the chapel. It shook—we could see the

small cross on the eastern gable tremble. Another stump surged against it—it gave way—and in a minute afterwards, there was not a vestige remaining of the whole fabric.

"What a funeral for thee, Maria!" said Don Ricardo.

Not a vestige of the body was ever found. There was nothing now for it. We all stopped, and turned, and looked—there was not a stone of the building to be seen—all was red precipitous bank, or dark flowing river—we turned our steps towards the house. The sun by this time had risen. We found the northern range of rooms were entire, and we now made the most of it; and, by dint of the Captain's and my nautical skill, we had, before dinner-time, rigged a canvas-jury-roof over the southern part of the fabric, and were once more sat down in comparative comfort at our meal. But it was all melancholy work enough. However, at last we retired to our beds; and next morning, when I awoke, there was the small stream trickling over the face of the rock, with the slight spray wafting into my bed-room, as quietly as if no storm had taken place.

N. Y. City Finances.—In the Comptroller's Annual Report, the receipts of the past year are set down at \$1,421,516 26—which added to the balance remaining in the Treasury the previous year of \$1,349 65—amount to \$1,422,865 91.—Leaving a balance in the Treasury of \$29,119 53. "The Commissioners of the Sinking Fund for the redemption of the New York City Stock," had at their credit in the Treasury, on the 1st day of January, 1832, a balance of \$174,586 96; the receipts to their credit during the year, amount to \$142,503 38—making a total of \$317,090 24, at their credit on the 31st Dec. 1832.

The City Debt.—On Five per Cent. Stock of 1820, \$230,000; less the amount held by the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, \$1,500—\$118,500; on Five per Cent. Stock of 1829, \$300,000—Total, \$418,500. On bonds to Bank for Savings, 300,000; do. Mechanics' Bank, 468,100; do. estate of John Mills, 25,000—793,600; \$1,211,900. Deducting therefrom the amount of funds in the Treasury at the credit of the Commissioners, 317,090 24, leaves a net total of \$894,809 66. The total of debt on the 31st December, 1831, was 741,913 04; increase \$152,896 22.

Among the sources of revenue, we notice—from Commutation on Alien Passengers, \$31,117 50; from Intestate Estates, \$4,818 02; from Lottery Licenses, \$3,125; from Police, \$3,608 75; from Penalties, \$1,442 42; from Justice's Courts, \$8,244 78; from Tavern and Excise Licenses, \$29,078; from Vendue Sales, \$10,000.—Merc. Adv.

Sailors' Snug Harbour.—We learn from the annual report of the trustees of this institution, that the receipts during the year 1832, were \$36,864 95; disbursements, \$36,048 83; balance in the treasurer's hands Dec. 31, 1832, \$816 12. Its funds, consisting of stocks, bonds and mortgages and cash, amount to \$84,782 26; income, including the rent of 59 lots in dispute in the Court of Chancery, \$24,885. The main building for the asylum is under cover, and the interior may be completed by the first of July next.

Health of Hudson, N. Y.—The total number of deaths the past year was only 75, out of a population of 5392. It is very remarkable, that although the Cholera prevailed at almost every spot on the banks of the river between this and Albany, and directly opposite the city of Hudson, that place was entirely exempt from the malady.

Interments in New York.—The City Inspector reports the death of 108 persons during the week ending on the 16th inst. viz: 36 men, 18 women, 25 boys, and 29 girls. Of these there died by consumption 23, by convulsions 10, dropsy in the head 7, peripneumony 7, infl. of the bowels 6.

GENERAL AGENTS—For this Publication

Edmund Fowler, city of New York; Chester Wallbridge, Columbus, Ohio; Eschmum & Norvell, Booksellers, Nashville, Tennessee; Wm. T. Williams, Bookseller, Savannah, Georgia; Colman, Holden & Co., Portland, Me.; and George W. Whitehead, Postmaster, Barford, Upper Canada.

The following persons will also receive subscriptions; and all Postmasters not enumerated in this list, to whom it may be agreeable, are requested to do so, and retain ten per cent. of the amount paid them, as a remuneration for their trouble:—C. Livingston, Hudson; Postmaster, Catskill; J. Hosiard, Albany and Troy; J. H. Rathbone, Utica; Dep. Postmaster, Syracuse; Dep. Postmaster, Auburn; Dep. Postmaster, Ithaca; Deputy Postmaster, Buffalo; Postmasters, Lewiston and Youngstown—state of N. York; J. Coffin, Coffee House, Philadelphia; S. J. Sylvester, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Wm. Porter, 44 South-street, Baltimore; Garrett Anderson, Washington City; Postmaster, Alexandria; J. Baker, Fortress Monroe, Va.; C. Hall, Norfolk; Postmasters, Richmond and Petersburg, Va.; Postmasters, Fayetteville and Wilmington, N.C.; Postmasters and Booksellers, Charleston, Columbia, and Camden, S.C.; Richards & Ganahl, Augusta, Geo.; Postmasters, Middleville, Clinton, Macon, and Columbus, Geo.; Postmasters, Montgomery, Selma, and Claiborne, Ala.; Othorne & Smith, Mobile; E. Johns & Co., N. Orleans; Postmasters, Pinebluff, St. Francisville, and Baton Rouge, La.; Natchez and Vicksburg, Miss.; Louisville, Ky.; A. Kennedy, Lexington, Ky.; Geo. E. H. W. Wheeler, Providence, R.I.; Lily, Wain, Michigan; Bennett, W. Wells, Lowell; Postmaster, Taunton, Mass.; John Balken, Postmaster, Rollinstown; Hiram Faxon, East St. Maine; C. S. Young, St. John, N.B.; Hy. B. Allison, Miramichi, N.B.; Harvie & Stanger, Halifax; H. Thompson, Exchange, Quebec; J. Hosiington, Bookseller, Montreal; Richard Clure, Cornwall, U.C.; A. McKenzie, Kingston, U.C.; Geo. Bostwick, York, U.C.; Hy. Jones, P.M., Brockville; Amos Goshing, Hamilton; Anthony A. Wood, St. George's, John A. M. Gilbert, Ireland Island, Bermuda; L. Battelle, Bessin, St. Croix; Davis & Latimer, St. Thomas.

* * Twelve and a half cents each will be given for Nos. 1 and 6 of this volume by applying at the office.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 10th, Mr. Humphrey C. Perley, to Miss Hester Matina Wilcox.
On the 10th, Mr. Zachariah Bates Jay Griswold, to Miss Sarah Marsh.
On the 11th, Mr. Joseph Alston, of South Carolina, to Miss Helen Mason, of this city.
On the 11th, Mr. John Rowan, to Miss Maria Burrows.
On the 11th, Mr. Johnson J. Rolins, to Miss Deborah Hancock.
On the 12th, Mr. Ogden Haggerty, to Miss Elizabeth Sedgwick Knapp.
On the 12th, Mr. Robert S. Patterson, to Miss Marianne McFarlan.
On the 12th, Mr. J. Staters, to Miss Mary M. Tilton.
On the 12th, Mr. Cyrran Gorman, of Cuba, to Miss E. Baylies, of this city.
On the 13th, Mr. David L. Crane, to Miss R. Ebert.
On the 14th, Mr. Edwin C. Read, to Miss C. L. Day.
On the 14th, Mr. James Leggett, to Miss M. S. Graham.
On the 14th, Mr. James A. Thacker, to Miss E. Toman.
On the 14th, Mr. George McKibbin, to Miss C. Hunt.
On the 14th, Mr. Wm. Stephens, to Miss A. Shufeldin.
On the 14th, Mr. Wm. H. Simonton, to Miss Catherine M. Nestell.
On the 14th, Mr. Conrad A. Ten Eyck, to Miss Catherine Ann Wilks.

DIED.

In this city, on the 10th, Mr. Alex'r McDonald, aged 21.
On the 13th, Mr. Walter D. N. Cook, aged 33.
On the 13th, Miss Frances Judah.
On the 13th, Mrs. E. Cromwell, aged 47.
On the 14th, Mr. Henry Brown, aged 19.
On the 14th, Mr. John P. Brasher, aged 35.
On the 14th, Mr. Wm. Smith, aged 54.
On the 14th, Mr. George E. Taylor, aged 33.
On the 14th, Mr. Patrick Conway, aged 67.
On the 14th, Mrs. Lucy Foster, aged 57.
On the 15th, Mr. Wm. Weyman, aged 62.
On the 15th, Mrs. Mary Ann Dwyer.
On the 15th, Mrs. Mary Keeler, aged 29.
On the 16th, Mr. Daniel Berr, aged 71.
On the 16th, Mr. Benjamin M'Creedy, aged 49.
On the 17th, Mr. Daniel Mack.
On the 17th, Mrs. Mary Ann Weld, aged 21 years.
On the 17th, the Rev. Dr. Alexander McLeod, aged 68.
On the 18th, Mr. Peter Kum, aged 42.
On the 18th, Mr. Richard Davis Stewart, aged 25.
On the 18th, Mrs. Junison, wife of Alarmeduke Jamison.
On the 18th, Mrs. Mary Carhart.
At Bushwick, Kings's County, on the 15th, Mr. Alex'r Whaley, aged 85. He was among the Pioneers of American liberty, being one of those who assisted in throwing overboard the tea at Boston. He was the confidential friend of Washington, and received his commendation.
At Tottenham, Eng., Dec. 24, the Rev. Geo. Whitfield, aged 79—the celebrated Methodist preacher.

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Wednesday, Feb. 27, will be drawn, New York Lottery, Extra Class No. 5 for 1833: 66 numbers—10 drawn balls. Capital Prizes, \$12,500, 5,000, 2,200, 6 of 1,000, 10 of 500, 10 of 400, 10 of 300, 20 of 200, 20 of 150, 41 of 100, &c. Tickets only \$4, shares in proportion.

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Wednesday, March 6, 1833, will be drawn, New York Lottery, Extra Class No. 6 for 1833. Capital Prizes—\$30,000, 12,000, 8,000, 3,406, 2,000, 1,050, 10 of 1,000, 10 of 500, 30 of 100, &c. Tickets only \$10, shares in proportion.

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work, and fancy articles of every description. This

Cement is acknowledged to be superior to any thing of the

kind ever offered to the public. Its extreme strength is

remarkable; it resists wet, will stand any degree of heat,

and its hardness when set is truly astonishing. The great

facility of using it (no mixture or preparation being

required) is a strong recommendation in its favour. In fact

it only requires to be known, to be found in use in every

family.

For mending glass, china, &c. it succeeds wonderfully,

as the joints show but little. Many articles of this kind,

that but for this discovery would be entirely useless, may

be securely and permanently united, and become as useful

as when new. The leaves of books, pasteboard, fancy

articles, in tortoise shell or cabinet work, may be neatly

mended with it. To prevent imitations, and bringing into

dispute the genuine article, the public are requested to

observe the signature of the proprietor, W.B. Painter, written

on the wrapper of each bottle.

RUSHTON & ASPINWALL, Druggists,

February 7 81 William street and 110 Broadway.

TOOTH WASH.—The original and genuine Com-

pound Chlorine Tooth Wash, for cleansing and

preserving the teeth and gums, and cleansing the mouth, re-

commended by Dr. Webster of Harvard University, by

Doctors Shattuck, Shurtleff and Flint, of Boston; Doctor

Stedman, of the Marine Hospital, and other gentlemen

whose names appear on the wrapper of each bottle. For

sale, wholesale and retail, by

RUSHTON & ASPINWALL, 81 William st,

and 110 Broadway, General Agents for this city.

The genuine Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash is pre-

pared only by Lowe & Reed, Druggists, Boston, original

inventors of the article. Attached to each bottle is the

written signature of one of the firm. Feb 7

SPICE BITTERS.—These Bitters have been long cele-

brated for their peculiar virtue, in fortifying and

strengthening the stomach; they procure an appetite and

help digestion, sweeten and purify the blood, remove ob-

structions, and are found very useful in removing the jaun-

dices; they produce a sweetness of the breath, removing

all acerbities and unsavoury belching, and are a great

preventive against fever and agues. They are useful in all

seasons of the year, but more particularly so in the Spring,

by bracing the fibres, and preventing that disagreeable list-

lessness and weakness arising so frequently from relaxa-

tion on the approach of warm weather.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by

NATHAN B. GRAHAM,

38 Cedar, corner of William street.

j26

TO LET.

THE Upper Part of a genteel and convenient House,

in Rosevelt street, (between Madison and Chatham

streets.) The Premises are five Rooms, a Kitchen, &c.

Rent, \$225.—Apply to T. BUSSING,

Feb. 16. 704 William street.

U. S. CAP MANUFACTORY,

OLD ESTABLISHMENT,

NO. 102 WILLIAM-STREET.

LUKE DAVIES informs his friends and the pub-

lic, that he continues to manufacture CAPS for

Gentlemen, Youths, and Infants, at his old established

Stores, No. 102 William-street, and No. 19 Arcade,

where he keeps constantly on hand an extensive assort-

ment of CAPS, STOCKS, CRAVAT STIFFENERS, PANTA-

LOON-STRAPS and SPRINGS, VEST SPRINGS, SUSPEN-

DERS, GLOVES, &c. &c. manufactured under his own

inspection, and of the best Materials. He has also his

New Pattern Caps for the Spring and Summer, now

ready for inspection. He also continues to manufacture

Glaz'd and Oil'd SILKS, of superior quality; Glaz'd

MUSLIN and Oil'd LINES, Patent Leather, &c.

Officers of the Navy and Army supplied with the

most approved pattern Caps at the shortest notice

N. B. All orders punctually attended to.

June 13—city.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren st.

near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion

a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

In imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour,

and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the

teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR,

highly recommended by many of the most eminent phy-

sicians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may

be seen on application. The use of this instrument he

reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible

Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing

dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission

to